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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Out of New England

WHAT Poe used to call "the literati" have gathered twice this month to praise the enduring vigor of literary New England. Robert Frost's fiftieth birthday was celebrated in New York with fitting tribute, and the completion of Amy Lowell's "Life of John Keats" was the theme of a dinner in Boston where four hundred testified that poetry was still read and those who serve the Muse applauded.

The great tradition of New England literature is not dead, although for half a century it was possessed by writers more amiable than great. Miss Lowell has the fruitful cerebration of the Concord philosophers and the tart strength in poetry of Emerson or Emily Dickinson. She has the urbanity and scholarship of old Boston and that confidence in the worth of her ideas without which literature remains colonial or inept. Her poetry is no more experimental than were the essays of Emerson, and like his essays it sets brains to working and stirs the imagination. Putting mind and skill into the sappy American poetry of the early nineteen hundreds, she perhaps more than any other was responsible for the new interest in poetry which sparkled like electricity from youth to youth. Civilized, like her relative James Russell Lowell, beyond the American norm, she has also that gift for radical originality which was once native in New England. It is *her* New England, as she says in "Lilacs," and in these aspects she is more truly New England than most of us in our books succeed in being American.

If Miss Lowell reminds one of those dominant intellectuals who in the seventeenth century seized the New England hills, and made them their own, Robert Frost is like a pine come up from the soil itself and rich with a concentrate of its harsh, sweet flavors. Frost has the shrewdness raised to philosophy which, as in Thoreau, becomes insight; and in his own verse the shrewdness raised to poetry which transforms a homely subject into a picture of the eternal. The dry New England humor, scornful of weak ideas but tolerant otherwise, is his also, and the new England equalitarianism—the model for America—in which personality develops without reference to means or occupation, poor creatures have fierce characters, and tragedies enact in two-room cottages as intensely as in palaces. Frost's poetry is like Emerson's, in that its simplicity and occasional ruggedness are close to the appearance of the subject, which, as with the unkempt farmers who lean from their buggies in his poems and say in flat vowels and curt accents memorable things, is usually neither simple nor rugged in its inner meanings.

Frost has, and Frost practices, the restraint of old New England, which pinched the body to profit the soul even as he denies himself range so that the truth of his inexpressive people may be distilled into his verse. Beside Whitman he seems parsimonious, but Emerson, who hoarded sentences for years until he could use them fitly, would have understood him. In a lavish period, when words are cheap and the tide of smart writing rises to the housetops, he stands aside, skeptical as Thoreau was skeptical, and turns his back on the clatter of Broadway to watch a little drama with some meaning to it on a lovely hilltop in forgotten New Hampshire.

This is the New England tradition which at its best drew beauty from ruggedness, admired character, and despised mere quantity or bigness. It is a dangerous tradition for lesser writers who degrade it into moralizing, and lesser men become anæmic, cranky, and querulous under its restraints. But Frost, like his spiritual ancestors, is nourished by a great heart within that keeps his spirit more fruitful than the poets of the crowd.

Perhaps there is something in the geographer's opinion which holds that the soil and air through generations mould the stock that inhabit them. Certainly New England had mightily changed the New Englanders of the forties from the pattern of their ancestors. And perhaps now that the period of migration and immigration has ended, New England will once more become highly individual. Miss Lowell and Mr. Frost may be forerunners. However that may be, they are assuredly torch-bearers of a great tradition and from their books, if all the libraries were burned, we could reconstruct the mind and the imagination of New England.

After Disaster

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

WHO hurts his heel upon a stone,
Knows that some trick of life is done;
No longer his the rage to do,
The rush across the hurrying sun.

Such thrift he shows with his new hours,
That he spares one, to stoop his head
To some grey book he read with her,
Who loved him long since. She is dead.

Lovely, secure, unhastening things,
Fast-kept for this, grip as of yore;—
The drowsy traffic of the bees;
The scarlet haws beyond a door.

This Week

RELIGION FOR EVERYMAN.
By *Benjamin W. Bacon.*

A FIGHTING RECONCILER.
By *Sidney Cox.*

IN A HISTORIC SETTING.
By *Aymar Embury II.*

THE TRAGEDY OF GOOD INTENTIONS.
By *Llewellyn Jones.*

THE STOP OF BLOOD.
By *Bernard de Voto.*

THE BOWLING GREEN.
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Van Wyck Brooks's "The Pilgrimage of Henry James." Reviewed by *Thomas Beer.*

Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

Thomas Love Peacock

By R. W. CHAPMAN

THE admission to Olympus of Thomas Love Peacock, pre-Victorian poet and novelist, is being celebrated by the issue of a monumental collected edition of his works. Four volumes have been published*—judiciously edited, equipped with due bibliographical trappings, beautifully printed and bound—and six more are promised. Publication will be in at least three instalments, so that the incense will curl heavenwards many times and from many altars. We hope that its savor will be grateful to the very exacting epicure who now sits with his peers above the clouds.

There can, I think, be no question of the reality and permanence of Peacock's apotheosis. The recognition is no new thing; no one has just discovered him. Ever since Shelley praised him more than a century ago, he has had readers and admirers. Literary craftsmen and connoisseurs especially have always relished his peculiar dry wit, his profound scholarship, and his admirable style. Among men of letters he has been a kind of oracle. But by degrees his fame spread beyond these exclusive circles, and he became more widely known to discerning lovers of literature. The circumstances of recent times have concurred to swell the chorus of appreciation to a joyous clamor. In England today he has perhaps as many readers as any novelist of equal antiquity, except only Miss Austen and Sir Walter Scott.

This is a notable achievement; for Peacock has many handicaps. In the first place he is a satirist, and his first novel was published in 1816. Most of the institutions he pilloried, and nearly all the persons, are dead and forgotten. Worse still, he is both eccentric and monotonous. If he can be said to have a plot, certainly he has no more than one; and it is doubtful if he has more than one character who really lives. His warmest admirers would admit a difficulty in remarking whether a given episode is in "Headlong Hall" or "Crotchet Castle," or in distinguishing the wit and wisdom of the Reverend Dr. Opimian from the wit and wisdom of the Reverend Dr. Folliott. In the rest, they are playthings. The cranks are cranks, the spirited young men are spirited, and the pretty girls are pretty. But that is all that can be said of them with any confidence. The conversations too, which fill three-fourths of his pages, are very one-sided affairs. Nearly all the sense, wit, and learning—the rapier thrusts and the sledgehammer blows—are wielded by that reverend gentleman who shares his creator's innumerable prejudices; and many of the dialogues might not unfairly be called tilting at windmills. There are also minor irritations, which by accumulation may become serious. We cannot all be expected to share our author's interest in the fine shades of gastronomy, or his antipathy to paper money, or his enthusiasm for the "Dionysiaca" of the poet Nonnus. But we are never spared these topics of panegyric or invective; and Greek quotations lie everywhere athwart the path.

These obstacles are surmounted by their artistic merit. The obvious defects of Peacock's books—the work of an eccentric amateur—do not matter, because their merits are so great. He had all the essential gifts: a keen and powerful intellect, a warm and passionate nature, a vivid perception of beauty. By virtue of these qualities he was a good

*The works of Thomas Love Peacock. Edited by H. F. B. Brettsmith and C. E. Jones. Vols. II, III, IV, and V. New York: Gabriel Wells. 1925.

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jester, a good lover, a good hater, and an artist.

All these elements of Peacock's genius may be found in his relation with the poet Shelley. Shelley admired him for his scholarship and his wit, and liked him for other reasons. His strong sense acted on Shelley like a tonic. It was Peacock who prescribed "three mutton chops, well peppered" in substitution for a diet of tea, bread and butter, and "a sort of spurious lemonade, made of some powder in a box." Shelley took the prescription, and its success was "obvious and immediate." He took Peacock's prescription for other ills than malnutrition; it would have been well for him if he could have taken them oftener. When Peacock made Scythrop—him of the doleful countenance—the hero of his "Nightmare Abbey," a glowing, passionate young man who began with schemes to reform the universe and ended on the brink of suicide because he could not marry two young women at once (and so neither would have him), Shelley was delighted by the joke, and provided the book with a motto out of Ben Jonson. It is doubtful if he would have taken so intimate a joke at any other hand. When he left England, his best letters were written to Peacock. Many years after his death, Peacock sent to *Fraser's Magazine* a long review of Hogg's "Life" and Trelawny's "Recollections." The importance of these "Memoirs of Shelley" is recognized. They throw, as we should expect, a dry light upon the obscure places of Shelley's life. But though the light is dry it is not cold.

To readers unacquainted with Peacock I would recommend that they should begin with the "Memoirs"; and I venture to tempt them with an extract, which is so characteristic that I do not apologize for its length.

> . . . Shelley came in, with my hat in his hand. He said, "Mary tells me, you do not believe that I have had a visit from Williams." I said, "I told her there were some improbabilities in the narration." He said, "You know William of Tremadoc?" I said, "I do." He said, "It was he who was here to-day. He came to tell me of a plot laid by my father and uncle, to entrap me and lock me up. He was in great haste, and could not stop a minute, and I walked with him to Egham." I said, "What hat did you wear?" He said, "This, to be sure." I said, "I wish you would put it on." He put it on, and it went over his face. I said, "You could not have walked to Egham in that hat." He said, "I snatched it up hastily and perhaps I kept it in my hand. I certainly walked with William to Egham, and he told me what I have said. You are very sceptical." I said, "If you are certain of what you say, my scepticism cannot affect your certainty." He said, "It is very hard on a man who has devoted his life to the pursuit of truth, who has made great sacrifices and incurred great sufferings for it, to be treated as a visionary. If I do not know that I saw William, how do I know that I see you?" I said, "An idea may have the force of a sensation; but the oftener a sensation is repeated, the greater is the probability of its origin in reality. You saw me yesterday, and will see me to-morrow." He said, "I can see William to-morrow if I please. He told me he was stopping at the Turk's Head Coffee-house, in the Strand, and should be there two days. I want to convince you that I am not under a delusion. Will you walk with me to London to-morrow, to see him?" I said, "I would most willingly do so." The next morning after an early breakfast we set off on our walk to London. We had got half way down Egham Hill, when he suddenly turned round, and said to me. "I do not think we shall find William at the Turk's Head." I said, "Neither do I."

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The simplest elements of Peacock's satire are to be seen in this story, in which a situation rich in absurdity is drawn with the faintest possible strokes, and is the more telling for this economy. A man without satirical humor might have judged it his duty to admit that Shelley sometimes imagined things; but he could not have had Peacock's pleasure in the incongruities of the scene—the inconvenient hat, the early and inglorious termination of the gallant journey. The mere perception of fraud in absurdity does not issue in satire, unless it is brightened by a gust of temper. A certain intolerance and impatience are necessary to satire; but its quality depends on the satirist's emotional state. The peculiar mild pungency of Peacock's satire is due to its freedom from real bitterness. It is an irascible old man that looks at us from the photograph of Peacock taken in his later years. "God bless my soul, Sir," exclaimed the Reverend Dr. Folliott, bursting into the breakfast room at Crotchet Castle, "I am out of all patience with this march of mind." And so he was; but his impatience did not interfere with his fundamental, his really imperturbable good humor; it did not spoil his breakfast.

Peacock was a realist and a Tory. He believed in custom and tradition. He disliked the diffusion of education, the growth of democracy, the march of mind. He believed—or liked to pretend that he believed—that our ancestors "saw true men, when we see false knaves. They saw Milton, and we see Mr. Sacbut." Like Dr. Johnson, he held that a man who is not in earnest about his dinner should be suspected of inaccuracy in other matters. Unlike Dr. Johnson, he believed in the efficacy of old wine, judiciously and traditionally accommodated to the progress of a good dinner. "The current of opinion sets in favor of Hock: but I am for Madeira; I do not fancy Hock till I have laid a substratum of Maderia." "He believed in Greek as "the alpha and omega of all knowledge," the only key to the temple of the Muses—the Greek of Sophocles's choruses, to be mastered "constructively, mythologically, and metrically."

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These are tenets which might well supply an entertaining writer; but they would not keep him sweet for a century. The secret of Peacock is not in his whimsies and crotchets, nor in his sturdy politics, nor even in his wit and humor; it lies in his love of beauty, and his love of beauty is romantic. Perhaps, indeed, Realism and Toryism produce their finest effects in literature when they are in some degree irrationalized by a poet's frenzy, a saving grace of moonshine. We may think of Dr. Johnson, who wished to have seen the Great Wall of China ("I am serious, sir!"), and did visit the Hebrides in search of what we should call Romance. Peacock, like Johnson, was a poet, whose inspiration did not flow readily in the channels of versification. He wrote a good deal of verse in his youth, but little of it is remembered or memorable —though the novels are embellished with some rare Bacchanalian songs. But he is always poetical and romantic in his treatment of mountain scenery, and of romantic youth and maidens, and of Greek poetry. He places his puppets in a romantic situation, for the express purpose, as it seems, of making them and it ridiculous. He succeeds; but in the moment of success a spirit of contradiction comes to his rescue, and turns absurdity to beauty. So the topsy-turvy morality of "Maid Marian" is saved from burlesque by its chivalry and the half-light of the forest; and the satire of "The Misfortunes of Elphin," for all that its objects are greed, sloth, lust, and drunkenness, is conducted, like "Twelfth Night" and the "Birds" of Aristophanes, in the region of pure comic poetry.

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This story, as its admirers know, is the quintessence of Peacock and his highest artistic achievement. It contains the Falstaffian figure of Seithenyn, the incompetent guardian of that ancient breakwater, the ruin of which caused the inundation of Gwaod, obliterated a principality, and reduced its Prince to a fisherman, but did little disservice to the criminal, who made his escape in an empty wine-barrel and lived to empty many more. Being unburdened with a conscience, Seithenyn retains his magnificent power of potation and ratiocination, which must secure his acquittal in any poetic court; and provides a background against which the more generous virtues of his juniors and betters shine the more conspicuous. They stand out, also, against a superb natural background of sea and mountain; and the exercise of their youthful virtues is painted in pellucid prose. Peacock's descriptive powers, here used with a master's economy, enable him to sketch a scene with surpassing vividness. There are few passages in English literature which equal for pictorial effect the catastrophe of "Elphin," when at the height of the tempest the neglected rampart is severed, the walls collapse, and the sea rushes in on the bewildered banqueters. Drunk or sober, they are revealed by the lightning and the flaring beacon—the fuddled warden and his retainers, his lovely daughter, the enamored prince, the frenzied bard. The innocents, being in a condition to walk, make good their escape along the rampart. The fate of the drunkards is left obscure; but we are allowed to suppose them engulfed, and a delightful surprise is prepared for a later chapter, when the identity of the chief culprit is discovered.

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Beside witchcraft of this quality, the mundane prose of Peacock's ordinary manner has a coarser flavor. But even his least romantic symposia, from which the clash of the elements and the primite passions is excluded, deserve degustation for their wit and polish. It is a dry wine, but well matured; and there are no dregs.

A Fighting Reconciler

"MY DEAR CORNELIA." By STUART P. SHERMAN. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1924. $2.50.

Reviewed by SIDNEY COX.

MR. SHERMAN reconciles in himself many and strong conflicting interests and desires. And that equips him for the unending fight to reconcile the conflicting interests and desires of our world. Always a manly moralist, he is becoming more of an artist. Still so clear and crisp as to exclude important delicate nuances of reality, his thought becomes less arrogantly obtuse to the confusing colored lights of antic revery. His short-necked, heavy-shouldered intellectuality is perceptibly relaxed beneath the warm, caressing arm of emotional realization. And as he grows more gracious and inclusive he does not at all relinquish the uniquely powerful faith that exalts him to the doughty champion of patient, furnished, uncompromising thought.

At odds with both the theorists who speak of progress as if the millenium were just ahead, and the disheartened who speak of consciousness and conscience as aggravations of the curse, Mr. Sherman has always proclaimed both private and social usefulness in concentrating all our human resources on making the best of life. But in early essays like those on Butler and in certain comments on contemporaries he has been derisive and defiant in his proclamation. It has seemed that his intellectual directness and the defined purpose of his inquiries were rendering him oblivious to subtle incongruities not allowed for in the framing of his problems. It has seemed that in his confidence in the utility of summoning all our human resources he was indignantly rejecting the resources of disgust, rebellion and disillusionment.

But in "My Dear Cornelia," Mr. Sherman is no longer sharply definite, like his former adversary, Mr. H. L. Mencken. When Mr. Sherman seems to take his stand in too clear opposition, it is because he sees the truth he emphasizes is in disfavor and the truth involved in the position he attacks is so obvious it requires no disentanglement. His intense love of clarity will always, at intervals, be inflicting twinges on the very subtle.

Surely, though, it is more admirable to be a fighting reconciler than a so consummate reconciler that all desire for action is swallowed up in the questionable victory of mystic death. Mr. Sherman will not resign the struggle in order to achieve immediate annihilating union with the universal mystery. His own words in the specially imaginative and appropriately indefinite "Book Five: Approaching Religion and Other Grave Matters" indicate how he reconciles religion and realism: "I half suspect that God Himself admires most those who 'surrender' to Him only with their last breath." He manfully welcomes responsibility in "the indistinguished mixture of life" and disdains the "beatific mood which —will ensure you against the pain and bitterness of reality."

Yet probably few mystics care more than Mr. Sherman for the unnamable, the essential, the spiritual. And one way of stating his whole effort is: the reconciliation of a bold confronting of concrete necessity in economic, and fleshly, and all sorts of circumstances with a steady and unrelaxing grasp of the inseparable ideal qualities.

Such a beating of swords against each other that at last ploughshares are welded, such a collision of spears as bends both back into pruning hooks, such a violent reconciliation makes Mr. Sherman's present power as a writer. Erudition is reconciled with everydayness, racy idiom with courtly elegance. Gaiety is harmonized with earnestness. Severe sincerity is fused with humorous, ironic but not sarcastic, tolerance.

And a book of moral criticism dealing with marriage, education, careers for women, prohibition, politics, and religion is achieved in which the reader finds, in vivid scenes, distinct, interesting personalities, especially the author, struggling to make the best of difficult and dangerous relationships. The reader is not offered conclusions, he is invited to see what he can do in similar perplexed, ironic situations.

In fact, the book of discussions, "My Dear Cornelia," is more imaginative and less didactic than many a noteworthy novel. And it is more philosophical than many a solemn treatise. Such reconciliation of opposites by means of joining issue is creative criticism.

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When Fancy Runs Riot

THE MYSTERIES OF ANN. By ALICE BROWN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

IN passing for the moment from the ranks of the New England annalists to that of the writers of mystery stories, Miss Brown has retained enough of the setting of her earlier tales and of her characterization of the New England *genre* to lend to her yarn more substance than most of its kind can boast. Here again are the spare, repressed spinsters of her "Meadow Grass" and "Tiverton Tales," the inarticulate and matter-of-fact young lovers, the prying and gossip of the narrow village community. Here is the pathos of the starved emotional life of lowly New England spinsterhood reflected in the sudden orgy of sensationalism into which the reading of detective stories plunges her heroine, and in the unexpected poetry of Ann's vicarious discovery of the power of love. But here, too, are satire and a jesting humor playing through the medium of an ingenious plot, and making of it something more than a merely clever story.

However, the plot is what interests in "The Mysteries of Ann," or, if not the plot, at least the skill with which its rather extravagant framework is manipulated. Miss Brown has achieved what seems well nigh impossible in these days of rapidly multiplying mystery tales,—an original idea carried out along novel lines. Granting the initial implausibility of Ann's fatuous absorption in the crime of her own imagining, an absorption so complete as to render her impervious to any conception of the serious consequences which her words may entail, the narrative advances logically and convincingly. We have no intention of spoiling the story for its readers by recounting its incident; suffice it to say that its complications develop from the sudden passion for mystery stories which drives Ann to outline to her friends a situation in which she herself and the unlovable cousin from whom she may be expected to inherit, figure, and which is unexpectedly realized. There is some adroitly veiled raillery at the stock figures and situations of mystery fiction, an occasional few pages of burlesque, humor not unmixed with pathos in the character drawing, and enough of suspense in the tale itself to hold the interest to the end of the story. It is good light reading.

In a Historic Setting

DRUMS. By JAMES BOYD. New York: Charles Scribners Sons. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by AYMAR EMBURY II

DRUMS is an epic with the American Revolution as its background, but a novel of character in a historic setting rather than a costume romance. Its characters are not bewigged and ruffled lay figures, but people who might have gone through the great war instead of the revolution, who might be living side by side with us today; and although the pictures of the period are real and stirring it does not make them physically unreal, or show them as governed by impulses or logic different from our own; they are as alive, as vivid, as moving as any character in a novel of modern life.

Although the story as told is that of Johnny Fraser, it is in a broad sense universal; it is the story of a common man of all time, who stands helpless before the vast slow rolling tide of bitterness and hatred engendered by the greed and stupidity of those few men who have power over the nations; and when war flares out at last he is dragged by a pressure in the very air, reluctant, into a conflict whose causes are too remote for his comprehension, and in which he sees only waste, cruelty, and the disruption of the common kindly ties of life.

In a novel of this sort, with little incident and no plot, the characters must be clearly visualized and presented in correct perspective if interest is to be sustained. This the author has done; and when it is realized that among the fourteen characters so distinctly drawn that we would recognize them if we were to meet them on the street, there is no villain and only two or three people we dislike, the author's great ability as a draftsman of character is apparent.

Much research went into making this book so accurate historically that the most meticulous antiquarian will find no error in the geography, in the customs and manners depicted, or in the record of events, but this labor is not apparent on the surface; no parade of knowledge breaks the continuity of the story, no attempt is made to create illusion by filling the foreground with pictures of the past; but when one of the characters acts or speaks, we are aware that he is immersed in the atmosphere of his own time. So subtly is this done that the attention is never distracted from the character; it is he that is in focus and not the background against which he is seen.

Nor has Mr. Boyd thought it necessary to flavor his style with affected quaintness of phrase or to pepper it with archaisms. The occasional letters which he quotes are, it is true, written in the stilted and formal manner used by our ancestors in even intimate personal correspondence; but in reporting the words of his characters he has not used the bombastic form which was not used by them in common speech. The story is told in direct and tranquil English prose.

"Drums" is a first novel; but it does not show promise, it shows possession. Possession of ability to write English prose as it should be written; possession of knowledge of character drawing and of how to tell a story; and above all, possession of divine discontent with the imperfect, and the patience to rectify it.

Illustration from "The Story of Wilbur the Hat," by Hendrik Van Loon (Boni & Liveright)

A Modern-Day Saint

MY NAME IS LEGION. By CHARLES MORGAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER.

IN this first novel Mr. Charles Morgan has chosen an extremely difficult subject. He has elected to write of a modern day saint, a woman performing the saint's equivalent of miracles and composed almost wholly of the spirit. Against the figure of this woman he has opposed a world of tempted and carnal people; and his story illustrates the reciprocal action of each on the other.

Irma Pennell's mother died in child-birth, hating the world, and having determined that her daughter should be protected from the life of the flesh. As the girl grew up, she came to have a wonderful power—first manifested when she warmed a frozen bird in her hands so that on being set down, it hopped away—of the fatidical and the miraculous; but it was a destructive and malevolent power born of her mother's hate. A dying woman shrank from her, from the look in her eyes a society woman went mad, under her spell a girl committed suicide, and the girl's fiancé, a rake, fell dead beneath her stare. And at last Irma's own deep peace was broken in upon also. It was not until Will Drake, who loved her, strove to remold her power, to direct it toward beneficent rather than destructive ends, that Irma was saved and her peace regained.

To me the difficulties of "My Name Is Legion" seem almost insurmountable, and for that reason it appears right to pass upon the book a kind of special judgment. To be completely successful, it would require almost impossible fusion of its realistic and supernormal elements. Obviously, it is unfair to dismiss Mr. Morgan's portrait of Irma as lacking in flesh and blood, when his prime intention is to create her in terms of the spiritual. But in a world where we are unlikely to meet a single example of her kind, Irma could be at best a *tour de force*. And in Irma I cannot find a woman who, whether or not she is possible in life, is credible in art. Because I cannot achieve with her even forced contacts, to me she is unreal and essentially uninteresting. I cannot believe that such a person casts a palpable shadow.

Yet, although she is meant to govern and impregnate the book, her own failure to exist does not quite make it a "Hamlet" without a prince. If not wholly original—for there have been other novels about such "saints"—it is unusual enough, almost I might say alien and unlikely enough, to keep one absorbed. It seems so very far away that it gathers a mystic atmosphere. The opening chapters have particularly this atmosphere of strangeness and superstitious dread; they remind you of Hardy. There is the terrifying Christmas party which ends with the death of Urden Clare; there is the unreal, but unforgettable, scene in Mrs. Pennell's bedroom. About these there hangs something of shadow and eerie light.

Finally, as a stylist Mr. Morgan can be said to have arrived. Like Thomas Beer, for instance, he seeks the strong and imaginative word; but in contrast to Beer's telescopings, Mr. Morgan—inferior only in his lack of compression—drops words like flashing stones that fall beneath a tide of tremendous rhythms. His method creates atmospheres that pervade the book. A little later these words may presumably accomplish more substantial and memorable things, which "My Name Is Legion" foreshadows, but does not do.

The Stop of Blood

MARTHA. By Percy Marks. New York: The Century Company. 1925.

Reviewed by BERNARD DE VOTO
Author of "The Crooked Mile"

TO the popularity of "The Plastic Age" two elements contributed in about equal measure. The book was a study of adolescence in a college setting, so honest that it stirred up a fervid discussion of its accuracy. That was enough to assure it the attention of one large audience. But it employed a method that bordered on the sensational, and this method brought it a different and even larger audience. In "Martha" Mr. Marks, casting in his lot with the second, is sojourning in Hollywood.

Only on the assumption of such a choice, deliberately made, is it possible to understand "Martha." It has a theme sufficiently mature. It is the story of a half-breed girl who feels that she is entitled to be received as a white. From the time her mother, a squaw, points out her white father, she will have nothing to do with the Indians of the reservation. At the age of eight, Martha goes to live with the Armstrongs, a minister and his wife, who educate her, foster her beauty and intelligence, and all unknowingly add to her fierce longing to be white. She marries Dan McLeod, a cowboy much her inferior—but white. When this first step toward acceptance proves disastrous, she divorces him and supports herself in the village of Covelo by dressmaking. She is liked and tolerated, she is allowed to sing in the church, she is even received as an equal by one or two of the less parochial women of the town. But that is all: between her and her desire is the full stop of her blood.

The gap seems likely to be bridged when Wally Gardner, the most substantial man in the valley, comes a-courting. The women of Covelo immediately accept her. Restrained by her memories of McLeod's brutishness, she puts off the marriage with Wally—too long. One Frank Cross, who has a slight but forgiven strain of Indian blood, appears, and captivates her. She breaks with Wally, has a *liaison* with Frank, and finally quarrels with him when he refuses to marry her. Forced by the valley's attitude into refuge among the Indians, she bears a child which dies. A short struggle follows to maintain herself among the whites, but she is beaten. Another child sends her back to the Indians for good. She degenerates into a fat, dirty, and contented squaw. When her daughter

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sees a white man, some years later, she does not tell her the secret of her parentage.

Now such material as this is obviously dramatic. There is no reason why it should not be worked into a novel of extraordinary depth and poignancy. But Mr. Marks's efforts are directed solely toward the amusement of the second, the more numerous, audience. I do not mean that the book is lascivious: it is not. There is much emphasis on Martha's corsets, on her passion, on the warmth of pre-nuptial embraces; but this is incidental, not an end in itself. The method, not the content, betrays his choice. It is almost incredibly naïve. Not once does Martha come alive, nor indeed do any of the other characters. We are not given the privilege of their minds or hearts. Instead we are given the *clichés* of the commercial magazines.

Such simplicities make up the book. No one can question that they will be effective with the larger audience, nor may anyone question Mr. Marks's right to select his audience as he pleases. Only it is fair to point out that, for this novel at least, he is lost to literature—that he has chosen to neglect the better qualities of his art for the exploitation of the less admirable ones. "Martha" will perhaps make excellent cinema-fodder. It will not win him any increase of critical respect.

Religion for Everyman

EVERYMAN'S LIFE OF JESUS: A Narrative in the Words of the Four Gospels. Edited by JAMES MOFFATT. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $1.50.

THE OLD TESTAMENT: A NEW TRANSLATION. By JAMES MOFFATT. Vol. I. The same.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN B. BACON
Yale University

MOFFATT is not only a marvellous scholar, competent as no other in our English-speaking world to master the entire vast literature of New Testament criticism in all languages and to set it in logical sequence and order in his monumental "Introduction to New Testament Literature," but a translator also, who in two successive critical renderings has proved both his historical and philological competence and at the same time an almost incredible mastery of the finest modern literature, whence he culls illuminating parallels to the literary beauties of the Bible. Mastery of the niceties of the Hebrew language and familiarity with the results of Old Testament criticism was the one revelation held back until now of the extraordinary accomplishments of this amazing biblical scholar, whose present occupation is the teaching of Church History (!) in the University of Glasgow.

The remarkable thing about the work of Dr. Moffatt, whether in his "Old Testament Translation," or the little book dedicated to his children entitled "Everyman's Life of Jesus," is the devout religious motive and spirit which animates them. The story of Jesus is related in the simple and beautiful language of the evangelists, just as a great scholar would tell it to a little group of his own children at the Sabbath fireside. A scholar guest, standing by the father's side, might easily guess how all the difficulties of critical interpretation are met and deftly turned. But the children would not know it. The comprehensive scholarship, the wealth of literary knowledge and skill, are there in their perfection. But it is just their perfection to be concealed. Explanation is there, but even the scholar scarcely detects it. And the one object is to enable the intelligent child to appreciate and love the story.

The only criticism the scholar-guest can make on the work thus given to the public is not a word of derogation, but of appreciation. The reader must realize the purpose of the book. He must understand why and for whom it was written. The great scholar is purposely minimizing the results of critical enquiry for purposes of devout religious impression. What critics study in the "Introduction" is purposely left in the background. For the time being, Moffatt becomes a harmonist, and (as we might expect) outdoes the harmonist at his own task. Conflicts quietly disappear. The rough places are made plain. Nothing else matters save that all flesh should see the salvation of our God. Moffatt is not contradicting or taking back the results of his critical scholarship. He is simply showing us how, after we have mastered all this, we may use our New Testament more effectively than ever as a book by which to nourish the religious faith of little children.

Something of the same purpose and point of view is apparent in the "Translation of the Old Testament." True, this large work is not specially designed for children; but it is designed for the unschooled. And Moffatt does not hesitate to introduce such accepted results of criticism as the separation of the blended strands of primitive documents in the books of Moses, by means of typographical devices. He even transposes verses, where sense and the verdict of critics require us to suppose that transposition has taken place in the process of editorial combination or later. But here too scholarship is only the means. Edification is the object.

The nature of the problem, then, is apparent; and it is difficult one. To what extent shall colloquial language be employed to reproduce the effect of the ancient story on its first hearers? Or shall we say: Not its first hearers, but those to whom it came as the vehicle of prophetic teaching in the great days of Josiah's reformation. Or again, shall we say: We must give the tone and value which the story had in Ezra's time, when Israel was being reconstituted as a church rather than a nation. Should our rendering have the tone and emphasis of the ancient story-teller in the city gate; or should it be that of the rabbi in the synagogue?

An instance in point will show what is involved in the decision. In the synagogue of New Testament times, and later, the name of the national divinity was held to be too sacred to be uttered. In the Tora rolls the sacred four consonants YHWH which represent it are purposely supplied with the vowels e o a belonging to the word meaning "Lord." This is meant to remind the reader that he is to substitute the word (Edonai) in place of the sacred name. Which course shall the translator follow? The Green translators of 200 B. C. boldly made the substitution "the Lord." The Authorized version follows this precedent, and is in turn followed by the English revisers of 1881. French translations attempt a rendering of the primitive consonants, taking them on the basis of the etymology of Ex. 3:14 to mean "The Eternal." The American revisers compromise on "Jehovah," which has the merit of being (or at least appearing to be) a personal name such as really belonged to Israel's deity. It has, however, the drawback of being a monstrosity, having the vowels of one word and the consonants of another. Scholars usually employ "Yahweh," which is as near as philology enables us to come to the original name. Its real meaning is unknown. Moffatt follows the French plan, at the cost of making the ancient Hebrews give to their national divinity a personal name expressive of a philosophical abstraction. It is possible that the writer of Ex. 3:14 was attempting something of the kind in his etymology; but if such be the case we must class this also with the majority of Pentateuchal etymologies, as plays upon words rather than scientific derivations.

The "mess of pottage" for which Esau sold his birthright has become a classic phrase in English literature. Esau is declared in the context to have earned the nickname Edom ("Red") from the color of the food in the pot (another folk-etymology). Most scholars believe the food referred to is the red lentil of the region. For some reason not apparent to the present writer Moffatt renders: "Let me have a bite of that red omelet there." He is probably swayed by philological considerations. But supposing the change to be really more exact on lexical grounds, was it worth while? Many doubt it. The possible advantage to lexical accuracy will seem to them greatly outweighed by the revulsion of feeling experienced by the reader, to whom the real sense is better conveyed by the time-honored phrase "selling one's birthright for a mess of pottage."

The above instances are given not to pick flaws in an admirable work, but to illustrate the difficulties with which the translator of an ancient religious classic must contend. Other instances could easily be adduced where the solution adopted will win more general approval. Of the need for the dissemination in popular form of the results of recent critical study of the Old Testament there can be no question. Translation into modern colloquial English is perhaps the best available method. Moffatt has the highest qualifications for the task. His success or failure will be determined by the class to whom he appeals, the devout and intelligent layman.

Tragedy of Good Intentions

JUDAS. By T. STURGE MOORE. Chicago: Hyman-McGee Co. 1924.

Reviewed by LLEWELLYN JONES
Literary Editor, *Chicago Evening Post.*

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER has recently lamented that the public taste is not for long poems: which is doubtless one reason for the fact that T. Sturge Moore is not a widely read poet. For, delightful as his "Little School" is, his essential genius shows itself in his dramatic or narrative poems in which figures known to us by name or through conventionalized story are given a very passionate and very real life. A blank verse narrative poem of over one hundred pages about Judas will probably sound anything but enticing to the average sensual reader, and only a poet sure of his power and indifferent to the size of his public would dare such an endeavor. Mr. Moore has not only dared but has achieved greatly; his Judas lives, and lives amid a richness of circumstance and a bodily reality that are almost amazing; as far as the *locale* of the poem goes Mr. Moore might have been writing about a city in which he had lived from childhood.

The idea underlying the poem, of course, is not new: it is that Judas did not intend to betray Jesus but simply to force his hand. What is new in Mr. Moore's treatment is his interpretation of the character of Judas. While the poem begins with the arrest—followed so soon by the death of Jesus, and ends with the death of Judas, the reader does not feel that these are two tragic happenings, but that they are simply two inevitable things rising from the real tragedy: the course of Judas's life as determined by his character. And as men go Judas was a good man. He was not perfect: John, at his baptism, had sent him back to the wife he had left—but finding her dead he had been free to follow Jesus. Before that he had been a zealot. The good, some way of redemption, had always been his desiderium, but always himself had come between him and his achievement of it.

Thinking in the terms of his day, believing in the Messiahship, Judas had had his hopes raised high by the triumphal entry into Jerusalem, and, proud always of his intellect, of the fact that often he alone understood his Master's words—as his Master knew and acknowledged—he had been annoyed more than once at what seemed Jesus's failure to follow an advantage. Now at what seemed the predestined moment, he had forced the issue, and yet it seemed slow in breaking:

> Jesus had not commanded angel-troops,
> Splendidly armed, to flush the night across:
> The mute and sombre Mount of Olives garden
> Thrills not with tramp of hosting apparitions, . . .

And later, after dawn, Judas waits in vain for that appearance—so hard for us to imagine a shrewd intelligent man—for such he was—expecting to see literally:

> His mind, still rich with visions hugged in youth,
> Conjures the waited city ages since
> High in the azure, roomy and prepared
> Till it, like homing ship that makes her port,
> Steer down in tranquil beauty unto Zion.

And then, when on top of his disappointments, he hears of the death of Jesus, Judas despairs, reviews his life in terms of failure—thereby revealing his character in terms of its effects on his life; and the poem ends with his efforts, through the semi-delirious activity of a mind, now thinking and now seeing visions—for he has not eaten for days—to realign himself with the Master whom he has misunderstood.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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The tragedy, as I have indicated, is that of the good man who is not selfless in his goodness: the whole tragedy grows from that and might be reconstructed from any one instance of it, from these three lines, for example:

> Thus Judas, starved of praise, pitied himself
> And longed for some friendly stranger to admire
> His soul and mind that judged themselves too harshly.

Doubtless some readers, equating Mr. Moore's reconstruction with what we have of a record of Judas and the twelve will quarrel with some of his interpretations of that record. But that is incidental: the poem as a poem is self-consistent and its chief figure lives and dies consistently with his own character.

A Bold Fantasy

THE WORM OUROBOROS. By E. R. Eddison. London: Jonathan Cape. 1924.

Reviewed by Abbe Niles

ONE pictures Eddison planning his saga, and finding this world too full to hold it,—too full of old associations, histories, and mythologies, to allow integrity to a new system. His bold solving gesture was to create the earth anew, carve unfamiliar outlines on its face, and people it with another human race, divided into new nations with their own traditions. His planet he calls Mercury, his peoples, Demons, Witches, Goblins, and the like, but this is mere whim: except for a small gratuity of horns in the Demons' case, these are men, and this, our world, but—and here's the trick—our world neatly cleared of every confusing trace of the children of Adam.

"It is neither allegory nor fable, but a story to be read for its own sake," warns the author, and plunges into his legend of heroes; of sieges, odysseys, and battles by sea and land, of lovely, terrible Himalayas and savage deserts, of spells, of deep damnations and of mighty sorceries. Here an amusing slip may be noted: an irrelevant Englishman, Lessingham, is magically torn at the outset from home and family, to see for us what is to happen in Mercury. At page 17, we see through his eyes the preparations for the great wrestle in the Foliot Isles,—and nevermore does his name appear. For all we know, the wretched man still haunts the halls of the Red Foliot, invisible, impalpable, and disconsolate. That romance is an escape, first, for the romancer, must be very truth if the explanation of this anomaly is that Eddison simply forgot about his Britisher. Hard to believe, but the sweep of the narrative may be gauged by the reader when he finds how late and how little *he* misses poor Lessingham.

But the tale itself (rounded off, after 440 pages, with the symmetry of a short story) is hardly more remarkable than the richness of the flowing, antiquated English, the color and sensitiveness of the description, or the achievement, in the passages of battle, of the flavor of the Icelandic epics; it is less noteworthy than the subtlety of the characterization. Of a company occupying their full three dimensions, the triumph is in that strange, magnificent, and unhappy figure, the Lord Gro. Æsthete and philosopher, brave, idealistic, but no warrior and eking out his weakness by treachery, his translation from the field of contemplation to that of action is his ultimate ruin, since his nature requires him ever to be traitor to the stronger side. So he muses, as he deserts triumphant Witchland:

> Day goeth up against the tyrant night. How delicate a spirit is she, how like a fawn she footeth it upon the mountains: pale pitiful light matched with the primæval dark. But every sweet hovers in her battalions, and every heavenly influence: coolth of the wayward little winds of morning, flowers awakening, birds a-carol, dews a-sparkle on the fine-drawn webs the tiny spinners hang from fern-frond to thorn, from thorn to wet dainty leaf of the silver-birch; the young day laughing in her strength, wild with her own beauty; fire and life and every scent and color born anew to triumph over chaos and slow darkness and the kinless night.

Still true to his philosophy, in the uncertainty of the last great battle for the world, he is undone through his own internal conflicts.

Keith Henderson has contributed curious and sympathetic illustrations in black and white. The length of the work, its fantastic character, and its lack of a connected love theme, will probably disqualify it from the estate of a best-seller. This reviewer found it a noble flight of the creative imagination, conveying a vivid impression of beauty, poetry, and truth.

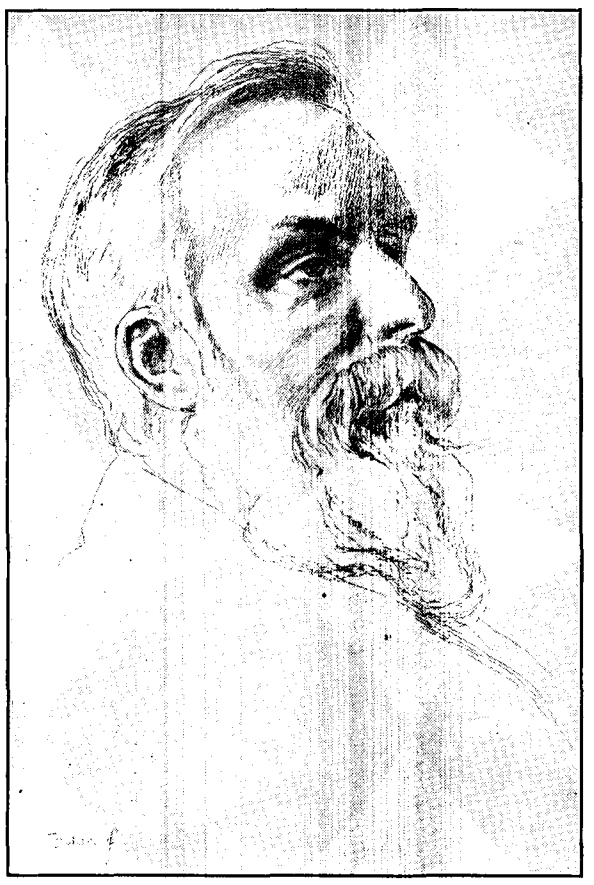
The Bowling Green

"Earnest Americans"

THERE is a little room at the top of a downtown office building, an ugly little room furnished only with a couple of desks and three plain chairs, where a man I know hides himself now and then to consider his ways. There, with the Brooklyn Bridge under his right elbow, he escapes briefly from conflicting amazements. In a somewhat dispassionate soberness, without any very comfortable illusions, he sorts out the papers that have gathered in his brief-case and meditates.

In his brief-case he found a strange manifesto: the first issue of a pamphlet issued by a Society that has established itself "to give National recognition to American artists during their lifetime." Certainly a worthy and endearing ambition. And the Society announces itself in a voice of excellent cheer. "The deed is done!" it begins. "The shot to be heard around the world has been fired! Independence has been declared for American Art and henceforth our works of art shall hold a prominent place among the works of art of all nations."

The reader smiles a little wistfully to himself, and thinks how sad it is that so well-intended an annunciation will bring only painful mirth to the



T. Sturge Moore, Author of "Judas." From an Etching by A. Hugh Fisher.

expectant artist. Why painful mirth, you ask? Well, allow our solitary brooder to read further:—

> . . . The American is manifestly unique. Consequently he has unique powers, which are apparent to the world in the success of the American Government.
>
> Has God, who is the very foundation of our Union, blest us with mere political genius? We cannot believe that. Even as we have achieved unparalleled success in our national affairs, so may we make American Art a recognized institution.

This is fine "folksy" stuff, the solitary ponders. These excellent people plan, by taking thought, to add a cubist to their stature.

> A brief glance at our surroundings will suffice. Study the structure of any public building and you will find that many of the most profound principles of architecture and sculpture have been utilized. Read our Constitution; it is one of the world's outstanding pieces of literature. Our own national anthem is a musical triumph, while its words are fine poetry. Beautiful tapestries and oil paintings adorn every public hall. Even each lamp-post and sign-post displays art. In advertising, artistic technique must be employed. . . . So whatever we do to advance the cause of art will be a definite aid to progress and prosperity.

The really quaint thing, the lonely and amazed student reflects, is that he will either be accused of having invented all this as a fantasy, or else retorted upon as a low and cynical ruffian defiling his own niche. But he continues to read:—

> Realizing the present need, a group of earnest Americans have organized the Society. . . . Only true art will be considered. It must be not merely of the present, but must endure. Anything grotesque, un-American, immoral or grossly imperfect will be quickly turned down. . . . Remember, please, that this is an All-American concern. It must be representative of our people. This is why membership is limited to persons born in the United States of America. The By-laws provide for a few chosen exceptions to be taken in only as secondary membership with limited representation. Revolutionary as this may appear at first thought, it is the one and only way to secure the ideal condition. It is the American Ideal we are striving to exalt.

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Well, as you know by this time, any artist who was worth his bitter salt would flee from these excellent people as he would from pestilence. Their warm and too-too-friendly breath would smother him. Not that their scheme of helping needy apprentices isn't generous and comely. Their enthusiasm has its charms:—

> The Fountain of Youth has been discovered. The Fountain of Youth lies within our own bodies and rejuvenation begins the moment we give this fountain a free opportunity to play. Eurythmic movements are the means by which this energy within us may be released. —— —— will hold regular classes for mothers and grandmothers. —— —— will also conduct groups of mothers and grandmothers for singing.

Which is good sense and good fun. But why mix it up with all this tosh about Great Native Art? Alas, if anything born abroad is taboo, what are we going to do about the musical triumph of the National Anthem?

There ought to be something in the Constitution (that outstanding piece of literature) forbidding people to utter manifestoes on matters they haven't thought about. Where did these cheerful patronizers get the notion that "true art" is something that can be decanted as smooth and slick as molasses from a tub? "Anything grotesque will be quickly turned down." Poor old Moby Dick, poor old Brer Rabbit. If someone could explain why America is not the world's most fertile soil for this sort of ruinous palaver, we would have learned something valuable. Is there any other nation where a few simple-minded souls, desiring to do a modest kindliness, would have felt it necessary to imagine it as a shot heard round the world? There were some worthy crawfishes of Uncle Remus's who were busy drawing up wha'foes when the elephant trod on them.

It's a cruel thing to say, but perhaps true: it is just such kindly people who are the real enemies of art; who embitter the heart of the true artist. This latter deals not necessarily with pleasant consolations. His is a dangerous, prickly and dishevelling affair. He is not (since the Society loves "beautiful tapestries") like the white unicorn in the Gobelin now owned by a rich man in New York. It pictures the chase of the unicorn through various cruel scenes, and the last shows the mystic beast safely penned inside a little ring-fence and tethered to a tree with a dainty golden chain. The artist is not like that. He will be born where he damn pleases and he will write or paint or carve what comes into his head. It will be well for the groups of singing grandmothers to stay outside the fence.

Perhaps there isn't any way to help artists. Perhaps they're doomed and damned. But, if there *is* a way, it isn't by firing shots round the world. It is the way used by the late Russell Loines, and used by the fund now established in his memory. Mr. Loines helped young artists to be themselves; he did not sterilize them by insisting they fit into some burgess or parish notion of what art ought to be like. That way is rare, for it requires taste, intelligence, and a dispassionate curiosity for truth.

Christopher Morley.

The completion of the New English Dictionary (says the *Manchester Guardian*) is farther off than was expected last year. This is due partly to the gaps in the "V" and "W" but still more to the necessity of adding a supplement, for which large collections have accumulated.

It is more than forty years since the first part of the dictionary was issued, and in the interval fresh light has been thrown on many old words, and many new words have become current. For all this it is estimated five years may be necessary.

It is interesting to hear that an intermediate dictionary is well forward, to stand midway between the entire work and the Concise Oxford Dictionary. This is to consist of two volumes of 1,100 or 1,200 pages each, and is to be supplied with derivations, the more important quotations and their dates. If it appears within a year it will come in the best time for selling dictionaries that the world has known.

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Books of Special Interest

A Poetic Morality

TRAGEDY. By W. MACNEILE DIXON. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by CHARLES SEARS BALDWIN
Barnard College

THE professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow invites us to ask once more of tragedy the meaning of human life. "Students of tragedy" must be, he thinks, "immersed of necessity in the higher politics of the universe;" for "the problem of evil . . . rears one of its hydra heads in every tragedy." The quest, then, is a philosophy of the tragic. "Tragedy an Art" is merely the unfulfilled title of Chapter II; neither there nor elsewhere is it consecutively discussed. Rather these essays are a revival of philosophy in the midst of our experimental æsthetic, a deliberate turning from our superabundant dramatic criticism toward a poetic morality. What does tragedy mean, and why? Let us sit with this, not forgetting either our logic or our learning, and not shirking the cosmic question of evil.

The method is to comment on various views of the tragic separately, without resorting to the usual expository devices of grouping and order, "to preserve an interest in the topic proposed whithersoever the argument tends, rather than to extinguish it by a triumphant conclusion." Thus the inquiry, instead of being advanced consecutively, is iterated in forty-two short chapters. Posed at the beginning and repeated at the end in the words of St. Augustine, it is viewed through quotations from Aristotle to Unamuno, and considered at greater length in the answers of Hegel, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche. These little chapters are not successive stages. They are rather spokes in a wheel than links in a chain. Does pain give birth to pleasure? inquires Chapter VI; and Chapter VII swerves abruptly to classic and romantic. As university lectures they may have been none the less stimulating. Certainly the opposite method of reading ordered propositions aloud from manuscript has quite regularly put undergraduates to sleep. There is nothing sleepy in Professor Dixon's style. Even his long sentences and his rhythms from Sir Thomas Browne would carry orally. Fond of italics, he is urgent also with figure. To provoke in one's auditors thought between lectures is already an achievement. The student may then be compelled by his tutor, or by his own conscience, to reduce forty-two topics to progressive headings and sub-headings. Readers who will not coöperate to this extent will be content with the stimulus.

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Even readers who prefer stimulus to cogency, however, will become aware that their answers have been forestalled. The author's own view of the tragic transpires early and is repeated often. Within four pages "the proper dignity," the "noble earnestness" that is its "only foundation," is menaced by "realism, the ruin of tragedy." "The Orestia, probably on the whole the greatest spiritual work of man," reminds us that "without this infinitude of background tragedy fades to a shadow of its greater self, dwindles to a sorrowful tale, no more." Again, the Greek tragic chorus "is there primarily as a deliberate sentry against realism, to exclude verisimititude." Nay more, "to identify the interest of tragedy with the interest of character is to let the truth escape us." We should not be surprised, therefore to read again the dogma that there are only two periods in which tragedy has "flowered to full perfection," the Athenian and the Elizabethan, to find French classical drama—admitted once more with condescension to a lower place, to look in vain for any high tragedy after Goethe's "Faust," and to see the drama of the last hundred years dismissed for lack of any dealings with "the majesty and the mystery of life." Once more this conspectus of tragedy makes large demands upon history. "It counts at least for something that the great periods of art, of drama, of architecture, of painting were ages of faith." The theory of ages of faith has its difficulties in one direction with Italian Renaissance painting, and in the other with the miracle plays. That some of the latter were animated by tragic motives hardly vindicates their eminence in tragedy.

To the historical difficulties of limiting tragedy to "the affair with the gods" are added difficulties of theory. Across the path, to begin with, lies Aristotle's "Poetic." Its doctrine of tragic error cannot be a "considered opinion of its great contriver—to suppose it were to suppose him a simpleton." Thus is Aristotle excused once more for declining to say what was expected of him. To reduce his catharsis to "a pleasant medicine, a cure for certain affections of the mind," to say that "the measure Aristotle applies appears to be the measure of sheer emotional poignancy" and that he "would have tragedy support the moral order of the world by suppressing the facts," such impatience reveals a strong preoccupation. This insistence on a certain view of the tragic has the merit, indeed, of making the question of evil vivid; but it will give confidence in this tragic answer only to those who are persuaded that the problem can fairly be so isolated. Doubtless the author is content to leave us in a study.

The other witnesses challenged or approved are Lucretius, Plutarch, St. Augustine, Bacon and Browne, Hume, Johnson, and Burke, Lessing, Fontenelle, Shelley and Keats, Gervinus, Hegel, Hazlitt, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche. The list is various; is it representative? Bergson is added, and Unamuno, with Kemp Smith, McTaggart, and Shand; still we are not confident of having the most material witnesses. Lessing is rebuked with Aristotle. Johnson is cited as a moralist. Plutarch is as unexpected as Hume. Doubtless much discussion of tragedy during the last thirty years has been submerged in a discouraging welter of words about drama; but even those who seek refuge in philosophy will distinguish Brunetière, for instance, and Croce.

Professor Dixon takes these risks gallantly and with fine appeal. By explicitly abjuring a systematic treatise for stirring short sallies, he claims the right to limit the tragic to the poet's vision of our "affair with the gods." His success is partly in provoking dissent, more in winning homage for that indomitable spirit which says, in the words of his concluding quotation, "*gente est nostre bataille.*" But these last words are from epic, not from tragedy. Nor has any tragic protagonist a sentence more charged with the heroic struggle. Is heroic struggle, then, as the answer to the question of evil, essentially tragic? And whether epic or tragic, is it the answer? One of the thoughts provoked by this book is another question. Wherein is the fortitude of Prometheus more tragic than the defiance of Ajax? Is it in "seeing that which is invisible," beyond the forces that thwart human striving? The faith that gladdens Roland and every reader of his triumphant death—is it the function of tragedy to reveal this as an illusion? Before we accept the "affair with the gods" as a doomed affair against the gods, let us seek an ampler theology.

Sariki Ichikawa, professor of English literature in the Imperial University of Tokio, Japan, writes: "I am engaged in editing the uncollected letters of Lafcadio Hearn and should like to correspond with any collectors or old friends of Hearn who possess his letters."

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The directors of the London publishing house of the late John Lane announce that the business will be carried on as heretofore by the remaining partners.

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American Books in London

By JOHN GUNTHER

"TELL me," I asked my bookseller friend, who conducts with grace and full regard of tradition a celebrated bookshop in the west end, "Tell me how American books sell in England?"

"They sell," he replied, "only to prove an exception to an iron rule—that they do not sell."

And he is very nearly right. This is well known, and the point needs no laboring. Its causes are obscure, and remain for the discussion of some future literary obstetrician. Superficially, it is simply that England is not interested in America. But it is not generally known how astonishingly few American books in England are published at all. It is not that they do not sell, but that they do not even appear. Perhaps half a dozen American books have been issued in England since Christmas. Perhaps eight or ten—certainly not more than a dozen.

However that may be, within the last month, out of the handful, two important American books have appeared here, and one of them, "Martin Arrowsmith," has had an astonishingly good reception critically, and even something of a sale.

Most critics agree that Sinclair Lewis's new book is the finest novel which has yet come out of America in this generation. Perhaps it is: but at any rate it is an extraordinary thing to find the English reviewers happy to say so, and also to say a good deal more than that.

Not that even the most enthusiastic of the reviews does not contain the usual patronage. For instance, I offer the delicious assurance of the *Morning Post* "that a glossary is not really necessary, thanks to the instruction we have been receiving from American plays put on in London." There is also the equally bland insistence of an initialed dignitary in *The Weekly Westminster* that Martin's wife "is apparently one of the two or three people in America who are honest and sane and yet not blatantly vulgar."

I rather think that the best review so far came from the *Spectator*, of all papers, and it was unsigned, though I suspect Mr. Strachey himself wrote it. Very adroitly the *Spectator* points out that Mr. Lewis's theme, in that the verification of scientific theory is not, even in itself, an absolute ideal, must necessarily remain "shockingly incomplete," and that Mr. Lewis, in making his novel a story with a problem, has also explicitly stated his own side of the problem. After three columns of pertinent examination the *Spectator* is impelled to state, with the highest models in view, that "Martin Arrowsmith" is not "a really great novel"; but it is clear the *Spectator* makes this qualification very regretfully, and admits that the American novelist missed out by a hair's breadth.

Miss Lowell has, of course, betrayed great temerity. She has invaded the holy precincts of English biography, and, what is more, she has invaded them to approach a reputation which is now almost as sacred here as Shakespeare's. This is thought slightly reprehensible. It is not Quite Fair. It it not Playing the Game. Americans may write about Sauk Center and bootleg gin and snugglepupping—yes, indeed!—but formal English biography in the English manner about an English character is something else again. The critics have not been kind to Miss Lowell. They have reviewed her book wildly, but they have not reviewed it well.

Curiously enough, most of them have venturely purely into avoirdupois criticism. They have been so aghast at the bulk of Miss Lowell's work that they have missed its breadth and beam. This is amusing, and, as I say, curious, because it is England who invented the enormous two, three, or four volume biography, and England who has nursed the mammoth infant, and England who still jealously regards it. Witness the 1,500 page memoir of King Edward VII. Witness also the famous six volume biography of Beaconsfield.

Just the same, Miss Lowell gets it hot and heavy merely for the size of her book. The two most important reviews have opened as follows. I quote the first paragraph of each:

Lord Macaulay, reviewing Dr. Nares's "Life and Times of Lord Burghley," opened with a classic description of its size. He had weighed and measured it. Each chapter was as long as an ordinary volume, and each volume as large as an ordinary library. . . . What Lord Macaulay would have said of the present work I cannot conjecture. Burghley was a historic figure, immersed in affairs throughout a long life. Keats was a poet who died at twenty-five. Not only that, but Miss Lowell modestly disclaims the notion of supplanting existing biographies. Her two volumes, her twelve hundred pages, her vast index and appendices are to be regarded as a mere addition to existing works. In her characteristically ample list of acknowledgments to persons who have helped her, she mentions especially her two secretaries, to whom she imputed "devotion," "enthusiastic eagerness," and "complete indifference to the passage of time." This last quality they may well have contracted from their mistress, for whom the categories of Time and of Space do not exist.

That came from the *Observer*. It is by Mr. J. C. Squire.

Another huge book! Two volumes, "born," to quote Keats himself, "of most enormous Calf," spread their unwieldy bulk across my table. It has taken an American lady 1,292 pages to tell us what she has found out regarding the young poet who died at Rome a hundred years ago.

That came from the *Sunday Times*. It is by Sir Edmond Gosse.

Half a dozen reviews have appeared, and they all say the same thing, and then go on to point out that Miss Lowell wastes her time with antiquarianisms, introduces new matter of "highly dubious value," writes with no sense of proportion, and, in general, says in 1,200 pages, as Mr. Robert Lynd asserts in the *Daily News*, "nothing that could not have been said in twenty pages." Heaven knows, there is a spark of justice in most of these assertions, but, I think, in this important if isolated case, Amy Lowell's book, partly on account of its American origin, has been very meanly criticized.

Other American books lately have fared even less well. Both "Strenuous Americans" and "Bare Souls" have appeared, the first to find a faint patronizing interest in Mr. Dibble as an imitator of Lytton Strachey, the second to bring down the maledictions of the *Manchester Guardian*, which states "all that is necessary to make our depression absolute is to remember that Mr. Bradford is an American." The *Guardian* additionally objects to Mr. Bradford's use of the word "soul"; and it also objects to nearly everything else.

As I say, not more than a dozen American books have been published in England since Christmas, and before that, in the flush of the autumn season, not more than two times that. Mr. Hergesheimer's "Balisand" has appeared, and two books by Thomas Beer, Mr. Anderson's "Horses and Men," Willa Cather's "The Lost Lady," Mr. Cabell's "Rivet in Grandfather's Neck," Miss Glaspell's "Fidelity," an odd volume or two of travel and poetry, and the collected works of Messrs. Curwood, Kyne, and Gray. "The Lost Lady" was enthusiastically reviewed, but, like all the others, with the single exception of "Fidelity" which had something of a sale, they all straightway died the death.

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Foreign Literature

A Schnitzler Masterpiece

FRAULEIN ELSE. By ARTHUR SCHNITZLER. Vienna: Paul Zsolnay Verlag. 1925.

Reviewed by I. W. G. RANDALL

IN that well-known work of reference, Geissler's "Führer durch die Deutsche Literatur," the editor, referring to Arthur Schnitzler's dramas of Viennese life, said, "By 1925 all these fashions will be extinct." He could not have known—the work was published in 1912—that his prophecy would be fulfilled not only by the changes of fashion, but by the very extinction of that Vienna to which Schnitzler devoted his most brilliant wit, his most sparkling dialogue, and his unrivalled gift for psychological analysis. The "Anatol" playlets—what a keen remembrance we have of them before the war, when nothing seemed to mirror as brightly as they the amorous badinage, the lighthearted flirtation, the mock and almost passionless intrigue of the Hapsburgs' capital—the longer plays, such as "Dr. Bernhardi," which showed Schnitzler both as doctor—his original profession—and as serious protester against what he conceived to be political jobbery—these no longer sparkle so brightly, for they have ceased to be a mirror and have become an historical picture, and at that a picture to which the youngest among us may well require a key.

But if the Vienna of before 1914 no longer serves Schnitzler as subject for effective drama, human beings remain, also the artist's amazing technique, more and more directed, in the last ten years, to the art in which, in our opinion, he will go down to posterity, the art of prose-fiction. "Fräulein Else" is the latest example of this side of his genius, a short story which you may put side by side with "Un Coeur Simple" and not regret the comparison, after making allowance for the difference in the genius of the two languages. This apart, the technical mastery, the superb economy of words, the perfect unity of form, the illusion of vitality of both works stand practically on an equality. Fräulein Else is a young girl, staying at a fashionable hotel in the Tyrol. In a hundred or so pages of monologue—the sustaining of which shows Schnitzler, the constructor, at his best—she tells us all about herself, her family, her emotions, her outlook on life, her criticism of her environment. Her parents are wealthy, but she has seen through them, through the instability of her father, the indulgent weakness of her mother. And when she hears that her father will be faced with imprisonment—he is a lawyer and has used his client's money—unless a large sum is secured in a few days, it is nothing less than we expected. Her mother asks her to obtain it from Herr von Dorsday, a friend of the family who is staying in the same hotel. Yielding to an access of generosity toward her parents, crushing out her love for her cousin, which she feels this step will compromise, she asks Herr von Dorsday for the money. He will give it, but only at a price—she must come, Monna Vanna-like, to his room or to the forest, where he will feast his lustful eyes upon her. She promises, but in desperation—for this is the end of her youthful dreams of happy lovemaking—prepares a dose of veronal. She comes down in search of Dorsday; the orchestra is playing Schumann's "Carneval"; she faints, and falls as dead, a sensational scandal. She is brought to her room by friends, but manages to secure the veronal. And so this intense little drama ends, carried through practically entirely in the words of its chief figure. Yet what a world of viciousness, weakness, futility, and pitiful sacrifice of youth we are allowed to see, through her eyes. Schnitzler has never written anything to surpass this, and there are very few short stories in the world's literature we should care to place above it.

Foreign Notes

Two plays that have recently made their appearance are interesting not alone as dramas but as *obiter dicta*, as it were, on the recent history of the Central Empires. Arthur Schnitzler's "Komödie der Verführung" (Berlin: Fischer), a comedy in its author's accustomed vein, is also a portrayal of Vienna in the weeks immediately preceding the war, after the issuance of the ultimatum to Serbia, and as such acquires significance as a reflection of the mood of the Austrian nation in the fatal days before the onset of the world struggle. Ludwig Fulda's "Die Gegenkandidaten" (Stuttgart: Cotta'sche Buchandlung Nachfolger), on the other hand, depicts Republican Germany in the confusion of an election campaign. Its theme is amusing, the contest between a husband and wife who through some accident are nominated for the same office, and whose early courtesy toward each other as political opponents gradually, under the insistence of their party organizations, turns to bitter rivalry. The chief interest of the play, however, for the non-German reader lies in the light it throws on the political machinery of present-day Germany.

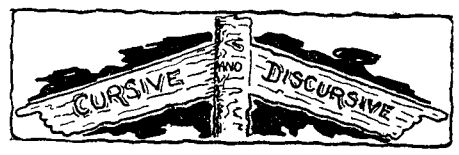
In "Divagaciones Apasionadas" (Madrid: Caro Raggio) Pío Baroja brings together some general critical lectures, a few essays in dramatic criticism, and an account of the Carlist *cabecilla* Santa Cruz. Though containing no work of profound or searching character the volume is interesting.

Under the editorship of Guido Adler the Frankfurter Verlagsanstalt has just issued a stout volume, entitled "Handbuch der Musikgeschichte," which should prove of great value to all students of music. The book is a history of its subject, dealing not with personalities but with developments, and its various chapters have been contributed by authorities in their different fields. It covers the annals of music from the earliest times to the present day.

A book that should command the attention of workers in the mediæval field has just made its appearance in R. Menendez Pidal's "Poesía Juglaresca y Juglares" (Madrid: Revista de Filología Española). The book deals entirely with the Spanish *juglar*, the singer and musician. It is characterized by broad and understanding scholarship, subtlety, and humor.

In the second number of *Commerce*, the new periodical, Léon-Paul Fargue protests with some vehemence against the literary exoticism of his friends Morand, Giraudoux, and Valery Larbaud, in whose novels and short stories the sleeping-car and the big caravanserai too often serve not only as a background, but as the actual *raison d'être* of the whole work. The Ritz and Majestic hotels, he says, have become "*des bouillons de littérature diplomatique*." "Beware of too many quotations in English, Italian or Spanish," he adds: "You make me think of a hotel-porter pasting labels on luggage. . . . If the port de la Villette or the Canal St. Martin were located in Venice or Amsterdam, you would think them admirable; but you do not even know them. . . ." Fargue aptly recalls that when he wrote his "Bateau Ivre," Rimbaud, the boy-poet, had never seen the sea. . . .

In his "Hans Holbein d. J.: Zeichnungen" (Basel: Schwabe) Curt Glaser has furnished a study of the artist which is deserving of high praise. Confining itself to the discussion of Holbein's drawings, it traces the development of the artist's genius, presenting brilliant commentary on individual works but never losing sight of the larger aspects of its thesis.



By THE PHOENICIAN

"THIS man *is* funny! Peculiarly enough, this man is *darn* funny!" we said to ourselves, a third through the book. No, we weren't speaking of *Ring Lardner's* new "What of It?" You all know that Ring is funny, that he is a man who speaks as no one else does for the illiterate American, that, as *Edmund Wilson* has said, "nobody else could reproduce his essence." But "What of It?" has struck us as Lardner in his off-hours. It bears no comparison to his "How to Write Short Stories." Most of it has appeared piecemeal, with the appropriate trumpetings of "Now listen to the Funny Man!" in garish magazines. We found that we had read almost all of it before, and the best of it was therefore, to us, but a memory of certain chuckles. However, the letters of the busher, Jack Keefe, how Ring and the Mrs. hit "The Big Town," and "Gullible's Travels," are now published in a fashion uniformly chaste, and, if you are marshalling an utterly American library, you can't afford to overlook Ring's collected works. * * *

But what we were starting to speak of was "A Cuckoo in the Nest" by *Ben Travers*. *William McFee*, it seems, knows who Ben Travers is. We don't. Bill persuaded Doubleday, Page that Ben Travers was funny, and he *is* funny. At least, to judge by "A Cuckoo in the Nest." Bill also persuaded Doubleday to the extent of their bringing out three of Travers's light novels at one burst, the aforesaid "Cuckoo," "Rookery Nook," and "The Dippers." As you may surmise, Ben Travers is a Briton. Imagine one of our native humorists persuading any British publisher to bring out three of his books at one time! And that is no gibe at our native humorists, either! * * * Of course, we started in on Travers with the determination to find him only so-so, and the start of "The Cuckoo" we found rather a plod. With Ring Lardner, even when he's boiling the pot, you get rapid-fire right from the start. Like all English humor Travers's has a slow wind-up, and the man seems to have far more control than speed, till suddenly you find yourself really smiling. After that you don't need a business office broadside to tell you to keep it up. * * * It is interesting to learn that *Donald Ogden Stewart* has been having his private try at the Great American Satire. We remember that some time ago Don let us infer that he was at work on a novel, not altogether a humorous or fantastic work like "Perfect Behavior" or "Aunt Polly's Story" or the "Parody Outline" or the hegira of the Haddocks. And now here comes an announcement of "The Crazy Fool," from the Bonis. It will appear the middle of June. The middle class life of our industrial age is, we will bet a hat, in for a belting. And we have an idea that Don will be extremely deft with the scorpion whip. * * * Stewart is an eccentric whose development we have been watching with special attention. He is a good popular humorist, but he refuses to stay put as a professional one. *Joie de vivre* is his middle name, but he perceives the significance of that spirit in the youngest generation. He reminds us a little of certain Shakespearian fools, whose words were wisdom as well as antickry. His "serious novel" is sure to be anything but serious and yet a good deal more serious than you suspect. * * * But before we got started on Travers we had finished *F. Scott Fitzgerald's* latest, "The Great Gatsby." It is certainly the best novel Scott has yet written. You can't lay it down, as they say, and the characters are all alive and convincing. Chapter II is masterly realism, and the last chapters of the story, involving such melodrama as you realize life involves according to the evidence of your daily paper, are most satisfyingly and ironically handled. There are passages throughout the book that stir one's admiration for Fitzgerald's remarkable natural facility as a concatenator of phrase. Certain felicities have not been achieved by taking thought—the words coruscate with the spontaneous spark. And the story has a firm structure. * * * *Fulton Oursler*, whose "Behold This Dreamer" we never read, is graphic also, in "Sandalwood." His story is interesting in structure. But first he bores and annoys you by a clumsy cataloguing of unnecessary detail, in the inception of his story, and then by the character of his heroine. There is a decided second-rateness about Faith Waring, evidently greatly admired by the author, that mitigates our sympathy. She and Eddie Carpenter actually call each other "Pan" and "Melisande." * * * *Stephen McKenna*, having finished with Sonia, has turned to light comedy. "An Affair of Honour" will furnish you with genteel entertainment. * * * The latest addition to the Borzoi Uniform Edition of *Arthur Machen*, is the long-out-of-print "Dr. Stiggins," for which Machen has written a new and characteristic introduction. * * * We have heard good things about *Meade Minnigerode's* "Lives and Times," especially in regard to his sketch of Theodosia Burr. * * * We gave three volumes resulting from the *Charles Boardman Hawes* Memorial Prize Contest to our small boy to read, and he reported that *Sublette's* "The Scarlet Cockerel" was "Fine! Oh Boy!" and intimated that *Alfred H. Bill's* "The Clutch of the Corsican" and *Henry A. Pulsford's* "Old Brig's Cargo" were also of no inconsiderable merit. Thus the judgment of eleven years some months, from one already thoroughly soaked in the romances of *Robert Louis Stevenson!* * * * *Alice Brown*, having of late become interested in mystery stories, creates in Ann Hale, a New England spinster of sixty, a character in "The Mysteries of Ann" that baffles detectives. * * * We have now finished the remarkably good job that *Van Wyck Brooks* has made of "The Pilgrimage of *Henry James*," and it led us to picking up second-hand a copy of "Washington Square" in order to settle back for a pleasant evening. Doubly so because the copy we annexed is ornamented by the original illustrations of 1880. * * * And so for the "pleasant evening"!

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

PRACTICAL GRAPHIC FIGURES. By *E. G. Lutz.* Scribners. $2.

THE PORTRAITS OF INCREASE MATHER. By *Kenneth B. Murdock.* Cleveland, O.: In private distribution by William Gwinn Mather.

WOODCUTS. By *Edward Gordon Craig.* Small, Maynard. $3 net.

Belles Lettres

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN LIBERTY AND EQUALITY. By ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY. Houghton Mifflin. 1925.

In April, 1924, President Emeritus Hadley delivered three lectures on the Sest Foundation at Leland Stanford University, which are here embodied in this volume. That foundation was established for addresses and publications on "Immortality, Human Conduct, and Human Destiny" and the three lectures here printed are entitled, respectively, "Industrial Problems and Political Ideals," "The Uses and Dangers of Property Right," and "The Uses and Dangers of Representative Government." It is apparent that these touch closely the questions of human conduct and human destiny, and it is equally apparent that the talents of the author have done much to illuminate the subjects which he treats. These essays are not only expressions of opinion on these pressing subjects, they are at once thoughtful and readable reflections on the whole problem of society and government as these now exist among civilized men and states. Seldom is such small compass does one find so stimulating and at the same time entertaining a study of this problem.

THOMAS NASHE: PIERCE PENILESSE, HIS SUPPLICATION TO THE DIVELL. Dutton. $1.50.

LIKE SUMMER'S CLOUDS. By *Charles S. Brooks.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50 net.

BUCOLIC BEATITUDES. By *Rusticus.* Atlantic Monthly Press.

THE SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE. By *Glenn Clark.* Atlantic Monthly Press. $2.

THE EIGHT FORTY-FIVE. By *Robert M. Gray.* Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.25.

Biography

WILLARD STRAIGHT. By HERBERT CROLY. Macmillan. 1925. $5.00.

This biography has been warmly received and the new and cheaper edition, with more than eighty illustrations, will be welcomed, especially by libraries.

LINCOLN THE LITIGANT. By *William H. Townsend.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

BERNARD SHAW. By *Edward Shanks.* Holt. $1.

H. G. WELLS. By *Ivor Brown.* Holt. $1.

FAMOUS COMPOSERS. By *Nathan Haskell Dole.* Crowell. $3.50 net.

THE LONDON "TIMES" UNDER THE MANAGERSHIP OF MOBERLY BELL. By *F. Harcourt Kitchen.* Putnam.

TWENTY YEARS ON BROADWAY. By *George M. Cohan.* Harpers. $3.

JEFFERSON AND MONTICELLO. By *Paul Wilstack.* Doubleday, Page. $5 net.

FAMOUS AMERICAN STATESMEN. By *Sarah K. Bolton.* Crowell. $2 net.

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HENRY CABOT LODGE. Scribners. 2 vols. $10.

THE BOLSHEVIK MYTH. By *Alexander Berkman.* Boni & Liveright. $3.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE ONE-ACT PLAY. By *Robert I. Gannon.* Fordham University Press.

Drama

THREE FARCES. By *David Garrick.* Edited by *Louise Brown Osborn.* Yale University Press. $1.60.

WORTHY MASTER PIERRE PATELIN. Translated and adapted by *Moritz Jagendorf.* Appleton.

Business

THE WAY OUT. By EDWARD A. FILENE. Doubleday, Page. 1924. $2.50.

The economic breakdown of Europe has destroyed the market in which the United States might normally expect to get rid of its surplus production. We might possibly do something to help relieve this condition, but we are not likely to do anything, because we have espoused a policy of isolation. At the same time, on account of war development, our capacity for producing goods is immensely greater than ever before. As a result of these three facts, we are in for an era of cutthroat competition among our own manufacturers for the control of the home market, and this competition is going to be more intense than anything of this sort we have ever known.

These are the premises on which Edward A. Filene, Boston merchant and civic leader, builds the argument of his book, "The Way Out." The result of the competition will be the elimination of the unfit among industrial organizations. Fitness will be accomplished through mass production and its attendant economies. The advantage of these economies will not immediately be passed on to the consumer, for the distributor will maintain high prices while purchasing goods at constantly lower prices on account of the competition and constantly increasing efficiency of the producers. The time will come, however, when the producers will reach the utmost limit of efficiency. They will then begin to take note of the harvest being reaped by the distributors and will themselves enter the retail field. Competition will then bring down prices to the consumer; the unfit among the retailers will be eliminated; mass distribution with its economies will thus follow mass production; and the result will be still lower prices. Wages will be high, both because that will be a necessary part of the efficiency program and because high wages will increase purchasing power; and profits will be high, because low prices will encourage buying. Thus, out of the enforced economies due to the reduced purchasing power of Europe, will come an economic millenium in America.

Mr. Filene's "way out" therefore involves, to use his own words, the "Fordizing of America." This is the process of extending machine production, increasing specialization, maintaining labor efficiency by means of short hours and high wages, and increasing demand through low prices.

As an appeal to business men and manufacturers to become efficient producers through better methods and the elimination of waste, this book has much to recommend it. As economic prophecy it suggests the assurance of the classical economists without their analytical approach. There are many words, much repetition, and some contradictions.

EXAMINATION NOTES ON PITMAN'S SHORTHAND. By *H. W. B. Wilson.* Pitman. 60 cents.

BUSINESS LETTERS IN ISAAC PITMAN SHORTHAND. Pitman. 35 cents.

CONSIGNMENTS, ACCOUNT SALES AND ACCOUNTS CURRENT. By *E. J. Hammond.* Pitman.

BUSINESS LETTERS IN ISAAC PITMAN SHORTHAND. Nos. 3 and 4. Pitman. 35 cents each.

Economics

A DISCOURSE UPON USURY. By *Thomas Wilson.* Harcourt, Brace.

EMPLOYEES' REPRESENTATION IN COAL MINES. By *Ben M. Selekman* and *Mary Van Kleeck.* Russell Sage Foundation. $2.

EMPLOYEES' REPRESENTATION IN STEEL WORKS. By *Ben M. Selekman.* Russell Sage Foundation. $1.50.

TAXATION AND WELFARE. By *Harvey Whitefield Peck.* Macmillan. $2.50.

Education

BRAIN TESTS. Prepared by JOHN MONK SAUNDERS and GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM. Putnam's. 1925.

Do you remember the intelligence tests during the war, and the original Houdini's memory training stunts? If you do you can form an idea of this successor to the "Cross-Word Puzzle Book." It is full of a variety of tests—and it is supplied with a lead pencil. A great sharpener of wits on an idle evening.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PRE-SCHOOL CHILD. By BIRD T. BALDWIN and LORLE I. STETCHER. Appleton. 1925. $2.25.

This book is another evidence of the mounting interest in the problem of the pre-school child. The authors believe that we are in the beginning of a new era in childhood education. They support this view with the following statement. "The pre-school Laboratory has shown that children between two and six years respond to an environment suited to their needs in a way that is full of promise of results that

(*Continued on next page*)

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Jacinto Benavente. By Walter Starkie. Net $3.50.

Benavente won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1922. The author of this book has tried to show the various influences as well as the more strictly Spanish influences that have moulded the dramatist's art. Benavente is described as the most cosmopolitan playwright of modern times, his dominant note being irony.

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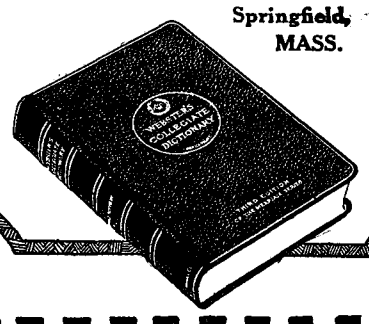

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The New Books

Education

(*Continued from preceding page*)

will have a lasting effect on their lives. Thus can physical growth, coördination of behavior, and constructive social attitude start children toward complete development of their personalities, the end that is desired by all who are concerned with child life."

The Preschool Laboratory above referred to was established a few years ago in connection with the Iowa Child Welfare Research Station, of which Dr. Baldwin is director. He also holds the research professorship in Educational Psychology in the State University of Iowa. Miss Stecher has been associated with him as research assistant professor. This laboratory has functioned as a combination of school and observation center. The present volume summarizes the results of many psychological tests which were administered to the children attending the school and also supplies tentative norms for these tests. These chapters are prefaced by a chapter on physical growth which embodies the results of an investigation of growth in stature and evidences of anatomical age.

The latter half of the book deals concretely with the educational activities of the preschool laboratory and is supplemented with appendices listing titles of children's stories and books, children's songs, phonograph records, references on physical education, and supply houses for materials and apparatus. The book is profusely illustrated and contains an excellent historical introduction, outlining the growth of interest in the preschool child.

BEGINNING THE CHILD'S EDUCATION. By *Ella Frances Lynch.* Harpers. $2.

THE AMERICAN ARTS COLLEGE. By *Frederick J. Kelly.* Macmillan.

MENTAL GROWTH OF CHILDREN. By *Buford J. Johnson.* Dutton. $3.50.

THE BOY AND HIS FUTURE. By *Nicholas Ricciardi.* Appleton. $1.25.

AUSTRALASIA. By *J. D. Rogers.* Second Edition, revised by *R. N. Kershaw.* Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Fiction

SELWOOD OF SLEEPY CAT. By FRANK H. SPEARMAN. Scribners. 1925. $2.

Mr. Spearman's romance of a Western frontier settlement, though replete with the usual violence of gun toting he-men, gambling hall scraps, miniature battles between Vigilantes, and undesirables, is a superior representative of its lowly tribe. The period of the yarn is indefinitely suggested as three or four decades ago, a time when the southern Rockies were still a half tamed wilderness at the mercy of outlaws who found there the maximum of plunder at the minimum of risk.

Sleepy Cat was known as a "bad" town, unsafe for the emigrant trains that frequently camped there in the course of the journey Westward to the coast. John Selwood was one of the prides of the community—Gentleman John—freight agent, mine owner, clean gambler, and boss of a poker palace where the lambs were given a square deal against the house. But John, in his genteel way, could be a terror when neighboring lads who kept crooked dives grew reckless and unrestrained in their lust for "pickings." Often in his defense of fair play and honesty John ran afoul of Cliff Starbuck, unofficial mayor and paid protector of the lawless. A "gal further" undermined their waning tolerance of each other, and affairs in general had reached the point of explosion when the Vigilantes starte don their cleanup.

The cause of righteousness, after sanguinary struggles, triumphed; John burned his own temple of chance in order to win the girl's respect and start life with her anew; the wicked were drastically punished, sent into exile, hanged, taught a thorough lesson, and the worthy were rewarded with abundant blessings. There are readers who maintain that tales of the wild and woolly are unfit amusement for the adult mind, that even if the yarn is good they don't like it. We do not, of course, presume to commend the present novel to them, but we are confident the many who value fiction of this type will find it unusually satisfying.

THE LANE. By HELEN SHERMAN GRIFFITH. Penn. 1925. $2.

This is a pleasing though rather sentimental novel: a combination of mild love story and a moralization upon the value of the simple life in contrast to the fevered existence of the city. Its situations are familiar and its people—with the exception of the two old ladies, aunts of the heroine—are conventional figures but they serve well enough and there is sufficient humor in the author's treatment of them to give the book a certain verisimilitude. The two old ladies are, in fact, very well drawn: good specimens of the survival into our era of the "Victorian" ways of thinking—Aunt Honor, for example, considers that the church should have a carpet since "Linoleum seems—well, irreverent. . . ." The action develops from the visit of the wealthy, sophisticated young Doris who comes to her aunts, in their village seclusion, to pass a period of mourning after her father's death. Her lipstick and cigarettes shock them, but Doris isn't really naughty and of course she is obliged to fall in love with the noble young doctor who is running an Old Folks' Home, etc., to the expected happy ending.

WHITHER. By DAWN POWELL. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

A young girl's struggles with life, her loneliness in a great city, her artistic aspiration thwarted by need, her white spreading wings endangered by worldly stains—how familiar is all this as the subject-matter of fiction! In Dawn Powell's "Whither" we find the theme again, an eternal theme whether it be employed in the lightest popular fiction or in a profound psychological study. In the present case, it must be admitted, it is the popular note that predominates; and while the author writes with earnestness and evident sincerity and produces a thoroughly readable story, the book is neither searching in its insight into character nor conspicuous as a study of life. The plot is thoroughly conventional in texture and the ending departs not at all from the usual; and if there be anything to distinguish the book it is a certain freshness with which the author writes and a certain engaging air of being deeply and seriously concerned about her characters and their lives.

THE EARLY ADVENTURES OF PEACHAM GREW. By ROY HELTON. Penn. 1925. $2.

About this book hovers a wistful and lovable quality which is insufficiently fanned by the fiery breath of imagination. Rather it is intruded upon by episodes,—Marg'ry, Uncle Given and the wooden arm, and the lady of the Grand House,—episodes not striking enough in themselves to warrant breaking this spell. The reader becomes annoyed as he turns the pages, chasing a delightful dreamy atmosphere which wears thin as the story goes on. Could the small boy not have preserved his first attitude of unconscious wonder, and gone on hotfoot to fresh spiritual adventures with Borlaks? Instead of this poor Borlaks is dragged back at the end as an accompaniment to the dead father.

A juvenile epic must be either one thing or the other,—a concrete chronicle of the child's day, week or year, filled with glowing realities as in Eliza Orne White's "Little Girl of Long Ago," or a reel of fancy so unreal and glamourous that the adult as well as the child is lost in it,—as in "Alice in Wonderland." But a mixture of both is apt to be unsatisfying.

There are wonderful bits in Peacham Grew, especially at the beginning:

> Are stars gold nails, I wonder, or long pointy diamonds that hold up the sky? God lives up there on top of the rain, and when it doesn't rain the lid is blue like plush up there and dark blue at night. God sits there. He has white clouds to lay things on.

But the emotional life recedes in Part Two. Peacham is depicted as neither a fantastical child nor a natural little imp having fun with himself. There is too great a straining after naiveté on the part of the author. If Mr. Helton has taken his boy by the hand resolved to tread a magic path with him he should not call attention to the fact that they are going down the back stairs without a light! Mr. Helton we are sure has the roots of his sympathy deep in childhood and we shall await his next book with interest knowing it will have a more sustained charm.

MACIVOR'S FOLLY. By HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER and DONALD GRANT HERRING. Appleton. 1925. $2.

Although this tale opens with the rescue of the heroine from a forest fire, promptly followed by her rescue from a moonshiner who is throttling her, and by the shooting of the dour hero from ambush, it is not at all in the class of the "thriller" and is not even a tale of strenuous adventure, but rather a very competently done study in the development of contrasting personalities. Its chief triumph is in making the sombre,

Speaking of Books

"And there was the road, stretchin' mile after mile,
And nothin' to do but go."

These lines, written by a hobo poet, have captured the undeniable urge of that *wanderlust* which is the perpetual motivation of the hobo faternity, and which claims even the more sedentary in these spring days. In his book, *The Hobo,* Mr. Nels Anderson makes a sympathetic, serious study of the genus hobo. You may be surprised at the hobo's philosophy, diverted by his poetry and songs of the road, or seriously interested in the problems he faces and those he creates. But in any case you will enjoy these annals of the "floating fraternity." *The Hobo.* By Nels Anderson. $2.50, postpaid $2.60.

Shifting About

on a larger scale is the theme of Volume XVIII of the Publications of the American Sociological Society, *The Trend of Population.* It is a many-sided topic, and is here attacked from such diversified angles as are furnished by eugenic, statistical, and political considerations. *The Trend of Population.* $2.00, postpaid $2.10.

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heavily pious MacIvor, a survival from the era of Cromwell or of the Covenanters, a staring anachronism, nevertheless a genuinely appealing, movingly human figure; tragic instead of grotesque, lovable despite his lack of outward sweetness. There is a double contrast to him: in the girl, who is a sophisticated modern young woman, and in the "gentleman" aristocrat, Gail, who is also a companion piece to MacIvor in that he, too, is a sort of survival, representing the spirit of the cavalier as opposed to the Puritan. The stage setting, too, is fresh: the denuded sandhill country of the Carolinas, a "sorry country" peopled by shiftless whites, a land weakened by the loss of its forests and reduced to poverty.

MacIvor, the stern Scotchman, is engaged in trying to redeem this land: he has found that he can grow fruit, if he can manage to keep his forest lands intact to preserve the water supply. The rest of the inhabitants want that forest cut, to provide freight for their decrepit railroad, which is in danger of being torn up as junk unless the timber can be shipped. But the development of this and of the love story, including the girl's impulsive marriage to the wrong man and her ultimate escape, should be left to the reader's orderly discovery. It may be added, however, that it ends in a highly sensational dramatic climax, which the authors succeed in keeping well above the level of the stage in spite of its melodramatic character. An excellent piece of sound workmanship.

MIDDLE YEARS. By V. C. EMANUEL. Minton, Balch. 1925. $2.00.

Middle age is an uninteresting time of life. The fires of youth have burnt out, and the wisdom and dignity of age have not yet come. The bourgeois suburbs of a city are uninteresting places. They have neither provincial flavor of outlying towns, nor the glamour and vitality of great cities. To rise above the level of such material a story must convey some great truth or have some unusual element of emotional value. "Middle Years" has neither. The character of the forty-five year old man who makes a feeble attempt to break away from the monotony of respectable suburban life is stodgy and uninteresting. His uncourageous escapade in illicit eroticism does not even arouse pity. The scene through which he moves is petty in the extreme, and shown in its most colorless aspect. The book has not even agreeable style to lend it distinction.

'49: A NOVEL OF GOLD. By GEORGE W. CRONYN. Philadelphia: Dorrance. 1925. $2.

The story of the rush of the gold seekers to California has been told so many times, in so many different ways, that it calls for courage to do it once more. Yet Mr. Cronyn is justified in the result, for he makes a very good tale of it and has even managed to escape the epithet of "hackneyed," since his book has a sufficient individuality in its manner to give it freshness, although he is obliged to use situations and episodes that are perhaps over-familiar. It exhibits the usual collection of miners, gamblers, "bad men," immigrants, storekeepers, speculators, and camp followers of both sexes, but he succeeds in giving life to most of them, largely because he has not overdone his characterizations. As often happens his hero and, especially, the heroine, approach most nearly to mere conventional figures, but many of the lesser characters stand out as solider realities, and the chief actors are sufficiently animate to keep one interested in their manifold trials, hairbreadth escapes, and even in their inevitable love affair.

After a brief prologue to introduce his people, the real action opens with the arrival of the hero, a sturdy young Vermonter, at San Francisco and there is "something doing" all the time, from that opening to the final curtain. Indeed, Mr. Cronyn is prodigal with his adventures, which include practically all sorts, from the "clean-up" of the "Hounds," who were terrorizing San Francisco, to solitary struggles in the wilderness of the mountains in winter storms, with a plenitude of murders, hold-ups, and free for all fighting. Yet the story nowhere becomes extravagant and never sinks to the level of a commonplace wild West yarn.

THE GREAT AMULET. By MAUD DIVER. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.50.

Maud Diver shares, with most English literary folk, the ability to write a smooth, clear prose, if not distinguished, at least adequate for its purposes, and pleasing in its ease and sophistication. By dint of this talent in Maud Diver's hands, "The Great Amulet" becomes a thoroughly readable book.

Mrs. Diver has built up a picture of the British India of today. True, the atmosphere is a little bland, and nowhere is there a deep saturation. But this India will suffice for the story the author has to tell.

That story is of casual importance. It concerns Eldred Lenox, an English officer, and Quita Maurice, an artist. These two marry, but on the very afternoon of the wedding, in Switzerland, Lenox is informed of what he imagines to have been an affiair between Quita and a Sir Roger Bennet. Thereupon Lenox quits his wife and departs for India, but not without self torture, and a coldness towards all life. Five years elapse. Quita goes to India. Husband and wife meet. There is, in the end, reconciliation, not without a dash of sentimentality. There is the baby,—"a creature of flower-soft tints and curves, who, in the sublime wisdom of babyhood, was concerned for nothing on earth but her own devices for self-development." This "sublime wisdom of babyhood" is perhaps problematical.

Before the final understanding is reached, we are given tussles of the will, of pride versus love, a cholera camp, and an expedition into the Himalayas. It is all interesting, none of it important. The book is glib, but suffers from an absence of fine emotions, of a passion in the telling. Character changes are documented, without being felt. The ideas are well worn. The situations are not unusual. A piece of smooth workmanship in which readers of that meritorious novel, "Candles in the Wind," will recognize old friends.

CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE. By HOLMAN DAY. Harpers. 1925. $2.

Mr. Day has drawn upon the semi-legendary career of an obscure pirate chief, one Captain Dixy Bull, for the basic source of his present humorous romance. The Captain, it seems, once landing from his marauding ship sacked the town of Pemaquid on the Maine coast, returned to duplicate the exploit, but was defeated in broadsword combat by one of the citizens, and departed with his crew, nevermore to appear. His name has survived feebly from the early Colonial days in the folk tales handed on by succeeding generations, devoid of all substantial details except the acknowledged fact that he was mysterious. But this bare fact held sufficient glamourous possibilities for the ingenuity of Mr. Day to spin from it a first class yarn of gusty and ludicrous adventures.

The hero of them is a huge, but henpecked and unhappy tailor of Boston Town, whose only escape from reality lies in reading "The Buccaneers of the Spanish Main" and in secretly adorning himself with the costume and weapons of a pirate chief. One night, primed with rum and the courage of rebellion, he appears in this terrifying regalia upon the Boston streets, tastes for the first time the joy of inspiring fear, and is saluted as Captain Dixy Bull by two dock loafers who are waiting to convey the real Captain to the pirate ship in which he is to command. The imposter steps with reluctant daring into the high place prepared for him, deceiving his overawed crew by the fierceness of his presence, his prowess in piratical oaths and maritime jargon, his secure mastery of the rôle thrust upon him. Circumstances, luck, and his native skill sustain the doughty tailor in his continued masquerade on ship amid a round of burlesque adventures leading finally to the crowning event when, confronted by the mighty Bull himself, he discredits the latter and takes him prisoner. Then, triumphant, undetected still in his imposture, but weary of the hazards he has experienced, the erstwhile tailor quietly resumes his true identity and returns to his own fireside. The entire yarn, except for a dull beginning and a tardy leap into the full swing of action, is a rich product of droll and lively foolishness.

WILD ASSES. By *James C. Dunton.* Small, Maynard. $2 net.

WATLING'S. By *Horace Annesley Vachell.* Stokes. $2.

A MIDSUMMER MYSTERY. By *Gordon Hall Gerould.* Appleton. $1.75.

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SANDALWOOD. By *Fulton Oursler.* Macaulay. $2 net.

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(Continued on next page)

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Of Saturday Review of Literature published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1925.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Henry R. Luce, who having been duly sworn according to law deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Saturday Review of Literature and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Time Incorporated, 236 East 39th Street, New York City; Editor, Henry S. Canby, 236 East 39th Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 236 East 39th Street, New York City; Business Manager, Henry R. Luce, 236 East 39th Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) HENRY R. LUCE.
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of March, 1925.

(Seal) Katherine Abrams.

(My commission expires March 31, 1926.)

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE WINDLESTRAW. By *James Mills Whitham.* Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE SPRING FLIGHT. By *Lee J. Smits.* Knopf. $2.50 net.

MOUNTAINS OF MYSTERY. By *Arthur O. Friel.* Harpers. $2.

THE CARAWAYS. By *George Looms.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE SINS OF SAINT ANTHONY. By *Charles Collins.* Covici.

MRS. HARTER. By *E. M. Delafield.* Harpers. $2.

THE TREASURE. By *Selma Lagerlöf.* Doubleday, Page & Co. $2 net.

CARD CASTLE. By *Alec Waugh.* A. & C. Boni. $2.

MR. INCOUL'S MISADVENTURE. By *Edgar Saltus.* Brentanos. $2.

Foreign

EL SEMBRADOR SEMBRO SU SEMILLA. By ISABEL O. DE PALENCIA. Madrid: Librería Y Edotirial Rivadeneyra.

This novel by Isabel O. de Palencia, who is now in this country on a lecture tour among our universities, cannot fail to arouse discussion. Dealing as it does with the influences of heredity, it has proved to be one of the first shots in a sanitary campaign that has just begun in Spain.

Should "The Sower Sowed His Seed" have been written? Should it have been written by a woman? Those who believe that knowledge of sin and its consequences should be divulged in order that disease may be eradicated, will hold that Señora de Palencia has accomplished a noble work through telling the story of Monica and Felipe. Unfortunately there are everywhere many who are typified by this pair, who drag out unhappy existences and beget children to suffer the evil thereof, not only in Spain, but in every country . Study of hygiene is not yet common enough to warn motherless, impecunious Monicas from marrying wealthy but contaminated Felipes, who may be found in almost any town, even in this our own enlightened country.

Felipe, the pious son of parents who had made money in trade, paid court to Monica, and his suit was fostered by her father and her aunt with whom the girl lived. It all happened in Andalusia, and as the tale unfolds, in the charming descriptions of landscapes, in the pictures of life in the small pueblos and at the picturesque *quintas*, or country-seats, one who has traveled in Spain relives his impressions.

The story begins as a pleasant tale of Spanish life, and as it progresses it develops in intensity until it becomes a tragedy of great power. That "the tree that does not bring forth good fruit shall be hewn down" is impressively demonstrated. The intense passion of maternal love is dramatically revealed. Unconventional the book may be, but it cannot be damned by that modern term of opprobrium, "Victorian."

DIE KOHLENVERSORGUNG IN OESTERREICH WAHREND DES KRIEGES. By *Emil Homann-Herimberg.* Yale University Press.

CHRONICON SPINOZANUM. Vol. III. The Hague: Societatis Spinozanæ.

DAS GELDWESEN IM KRIEGE. By *Alexander Popovics.* Wien: Hölder-Pichlen-Tempsky (Yale University Press).

MARK TWAIN ALS LITERARISCHE PRESOENLICHKEIT. By *Friedrich Schönemann.* Jena: Biedermann.

Religion

FOSDICK AND THE FUNDAMENTALISTS. By *Vincent Godfrey Burns.* League for Public Discussion.

OUR ENGLISH BIBLE. By *H. W. Hoare.* Dutton. $2.

THE PRAYERS OF THE BIBLE. By *Virginia Woodward Cloud.* Norman, Remington. $1.

THE LOST PROPHECY. By *James Tarley van Burkalow.* Revell. $2.

A SMALL-TOWN MAN. By *Marty Austin.* Harpers. $2.

AMERICAN JUDAISM. By *Joseph Leiser Bloch.* $2.50.

Sociology

FAMILY WELFARE WORK IN A METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY. By *Sophonisba Preston Breckenridge.* University of Chicago Press. $4.50.

THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF HUMAN SOCIETY. By *Franklin H. Giddings.* University of North Carolina Press. $2.

Points of View

Heroes and Hero Baiting

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

That your editorial of March 28, on the subject of my article on Milton in *Harper's Magazine*, should be an emphatic protest against my view of that poet is natural. What I do not understand, however, is why, if the article is entirely lacking in novelty or originality, if it is so banal as you suggest, it should receive the honor of lengthy editorial refutation. Furthermore, I do not understand why you write "if Mr. Boyd had read more Milton and fewer commentators he might have remembered the 'Hymn to the Nativity,'" for that hymn is one of the commonplaces of every handbook and anthology in which Milton's work is quoted. I should hate to offer that hymn as evidence of a close acquaintance with Milton's poetry, and I think that, in the course of my article, I produce less hackneyed proof of my familiarity with the subject.

There is, I suspect, a pastime known as "Critics and Critic Baiting" of which I am, in this instance, the victim, for your comment on my article is eminently unfair to my purpose in writing "A New Way with Old Masterpieces." You do not indicate that the Milton is merely a chapter from a work in progress, and it is not even the first chapter. When the first chapter appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, my purpose was explained in an editorial note to which those interested may refer. My attitude is not that of a "hero baiter," nor is it my intention to mislead "demi-literates." They are already completely obfuscated by the conventional academic praise of unread and unreadable classics. I have been invited to discuss my subjects without any prepossessions other than my own personal impressions of the classical authors concerned. My opinions are not those of your editorial, but I regret to say that I cannot, on that account, withdraw or alter them.

ERNEST BOYD.

New York City.

In Kansas

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

That 619 is a dangerous page in your issue of March 21. Do you not fear that you will be drowned in the tidal wave? For no one, with two good arms, will be able to withstand the sheer joy of telling you what he thinks of you and why.

Many years I have lived on a Kansas farm, and even in the old days your *Post* review was my weekly dissipation. Now if you know anything about Kansas, you know that every one in Kansas is trying to write. There is a man in Topeko, Marco Morrow, who started most of the trouble. He sent out a form letter to butchers, convicts, coal-miners, farmer's wives, debutantes, and milliners, asking 'em to write a book review for his column "I've been reading," in a Topeka paper.

Butter soured in the churn while I reviewed Morley, hens cackled in vain while I drank in your editorials, thrashers failed to annoy me while I reveled in May Becker's guide. Then I began to do reviews myself, for, after all, why shouldn't a farmer's wife do a little dreaming.

There came a day, when the wheat needed rain, I had just read that American women had spent $3,000,000 on cosmetics, I had read that prince of essayists, Robert Cortes Holliday, had to go to advertising to eat and I had given "Where the Blue Begins" to four women and none of them "got it." You know how things pile up to depress you, so I wrote a saddened and impassioned review and it was printed in this patient column of the Topeka paper, and I said "Women do not like or read Morley."

Then the sequel! The million-dollar rain came, and some one knocked at the front door of the farm house. Now on a Kansas farm, no one ever uses the front door, so, of course, it was a stranger. I opened the unwilling panel and an eager little woman stood there.

"Are you Norma Knight Jones," she asked.

"I am," I said.

"You are wrong, women do like Christopher Morley and they do read him." She was as casual as if I had met her yesterday.

So there, in a Kansas farm house, 10 miles from town, on a rainy April day, two women sat before a walnut fire and thanked Heaven for Morley. Now when a farmer' wife can stop in the busy season and a woman can persuade her husband to driv 10 miles in the mud, just to talk about a writer, there must be something to Him.

So, even now that I am in the dull city where nothing exciting ever happens, still read Morley. Also the left hand column of the front page. So keep up and on!

NORMA KNIGHT JONES.

On Lawlessness

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
DEAR SIR:

A rather lengthy discourse on "American Sagas" that appeared in *The Saturday Review* a few weeks ago suggested to my mind a point of view regarding the "wild and woolly" period of the American West that has, perhaps, been seldom expressed. Into the background of vast and rugged natural grandeur Zane Grey, and others have woven, all too thickly, the thread of heroism. Extensive mountain ranges, wide stretches of desert, and endless forests are unquestionably, enchanting. This enchantment, however, is indefensibly misused when it is turned so that its reflected light is made to soften the garish glitter of murder, outlawry, and sudden death in unexpected forms. If American authors feel, as they appear to do, that the earlier western adventurers must needs be apologized for, why not make the apology direct? Why blaspheme the natural grandeur and beauty of a wonderful country by hanging its glories, like a mantle, upon the shoulders of crude and brutal irresponsibility? The gunman referred to in "The Lone Star Ranger" was the outcome of a definite determination to live beyond the range of law and decency. A reversion to barbarism that is the fundamental basis upon which the western pioneering spirit was developed. We cannot, therefore, blame those who feel moved to apologies for an institution that reflects small credit upon that chapter of American history. Let us demand, however, that it be made in humility and not at the expense of beauty and heroism. As the writer of the article referred to observed, it "looks a little strange in the twentieth century. It is; it belongs more naturally to the sixth century; it is the brutal ideal of the barbarian." The premises upon which the writings of Mr. Grey and his *genre* are based are the reputed modes of conduct current in the middle of the nineteenth century, in a country where law and order is supposed to have been properly maintained by the essential conventions of a civilized race.

Perhaps the general acceptance of these all too frequent apologies for "the good old days" will establish a precedent for writing "epics" and "sagas" on the Herrin riots and the Boston police strike fifty years hence.

The hair-trigger—super-thug—gunman receives altogether too much credit for the "winning of the west." Let us therefore demand a little idealization of the persevering, honorable, and God-fearing pioneer who was instrumental in the establishment of progress, contentment, and peace throughout our vast western domain.

FREDERICK NOAD.

Newmarket, Ontario.

The sixth volume in the Centaur Series the Bibliographies will be a "Bibliography of the Writings of D. H. Lawrence" by Edward McDonald, the first English author to appear in the series. Mr. Lawrence will contribute an essay, "The Bad Side of Books." No effort will be spared by the compiler in making this an authoritative and complete record of the writer's work to date, and to this end he has had the active coöperation of Mr. Lawrence. A portrait of the author appears as a frontispiece, and the title page of a book is reproduced, the authorship of which has not hitherto been credited to Mr. Lawrence. The edition will be limited to 500 copies, 90 of which will be on large paper.

There has recently been issued in France (Paris: Aux Editions du Sagittaire) a translation of the tribute to Lenin written by Maxime Gorky immediately after the death of the Bolshevist leader. With it is included another essay, the two being published under the title "Lenine et le Paysan Russe." To Gorky Lenin was a generous, pure, and ardent spirit, inspired by the highest patriotism, a figure as great as the traditional heroes of Russian politics and literature.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

THE MYSTERIES OF ANN. By ALICE BROWN. (Macmillan.)

ON THE TRAIL OF THE BAD MEN. By ARTHUR TRAIN. (Scribners.)

SELECTED POEMS. By W. H. DAVIES. (Harcourt, Brace.)

M. L. S., Albany, N. Y., is most anxious to obtain the original or translation of "The King Orders the Drums To Be Beaten," given by the Chawe Souris.

IN "Old Songs in French and English," illustrated in color by Rie Cramer (Penn) there are not only the eight stanzas of "Le roi a gait battre tambour," but the music for voice and piano. There are 16 old French ballades and bergerettes and a fragrant unusual choice of eight old English songs in this charming book. I wish someone would put on the minuet in canon, "Advice to Cloe," as a costume duet and dance.

C. D. B., New York, needs books on the art of costume from the Egyptians to the close of the nineteenth century.

THERE has been a recent important addition to this large but scattered literature of dress; "Costume and Fashion," by Herbert Norris (Dutton). As far as the twelfth century he covers his subject more carefully and more readably than anyone else has done: the chapter on Byzantine costume is the first work in English on that subject. Stuart Walker says it is "unbelievably valuable" in his stage production work. There are any number of pictures, seventeen of them full-page in color; no movie producer can afford to pass it by.

Of the classics, Racinet's "Le Costume Historique," in six volumes with countless colored pictures; Planché's "Encyclopedia of Costume," Paquet's "Illustrations of English and Foreign Costume from the Fifteenth Century to the Present Day," Calthrop's "British Costume," and Ashdown's "British Costume During Nineteen Centuries" must be sought in secondhand shops and art dealers' collections. I am told that "Costumes of All Nations" (Grevel, London, 1913) is one of the most detailed in its color plates, of which there are over a hundred. This list only taps the surface of the subject, as any collector will see.

F. P. H., Caldwell, N. J., asks if the debate scheduled between Ossendowski and Sven Hedin ever took place and if so, what was the result?

THE charges by Sven Hedin were made so publicly that though there was no actual debate, a committee of three well-known scientists in Paris last November heard publicly the man apparently most active in spreading the reports to the discredit of Ossendowski, a Swiss named Montandon. "The investigation," says Miss Reid for his publisher in this country, Dutton, "apparently brought out as a fact the close connection between the charges of Sven Hedin and Montandon and the Soviet Government, which is anxious to discredit Ossendowski on account of his exposures. Gabriel Bonvalot, a French explorer and one of the few white men thoroughly familiar with Tibet, has expressed his absolute confidence in the honesty and good faith of Ossendowski. The general conclusion seems to be that since Ossendowski was writing of personal experiences from memory, when in this country at a distance from opportunity for close verification of detail, he may not have been in every minor detail scientifically correct, but that the good faith of his book is in no way disturbed by such minor slips if they occur."

WHEN Earnest Elmo Calkins, author of one of the most appealing and bracing autobiographies of present-day America, "Louder, Please!" (Atlantic Monthly Press), sends me a Breton travel list as good as this, I let him take the credit:

I can confidently recommend "Through Brittany," by Katherine S. McQuoid (Chatto and Windus). Also I found "The Land of Pardons," by Anatole Le Braz interesting; Methuen publishes a cheap edition. "Brittany," by Mortimer and Dorothy Menpes (A. and C. Black) and "Brittany and the Bretons," by George Wharton Edwards (Moffat, Yard) are gorgeous picture books, and as for Mont Saint-Michel, I would like to suggest "L'Histoire et l'Architecture au Mont Saint Michel," by Paul Gout (Paris, 1899), in addition to Adams's book. The fact that I know Mont Saint-Michel almost better than any monument in France is due to the fact that I spent some time there and my companion was this book.

As a confirmed and incurable traveler I feel that we need more good guide books. You speak of "Highways and Byways." I have no doubt you have found them, as I have, very unequal. The very best one is "Sussex," because it was written by E. V. Lucas, and Lucas was born and grew up in Sussex. This book made our motor tour of this delightful county the pleasantest part of our English trip last summer.

E. W., Washington, D. C., asks for a few books on usage, punctuation, and the like, for preparation for editorial work.

I ALWAYS begin such lists with "The Author's and Printer's Dictionary," by F. H. Collins (Oxford University Press) and "Text, Type and Style: a Compendium of Atlantic Usage," by George B. Ives (Atlantic Monthly Press). By the way, the A. M. P. books are now published by Little, Brown & Co. Grant Milnor Hyde's "Handbook for Newspaper Writers" (Appleton) is widely used and praised. There is a new handbook by Manly and Rickert, who produced those constantly useful manuals "Contemporary American Literature" and its (much better) British companion. This one is called "The Writer's Index of Good Form and Good English" (Holt) and is very easy to get at. Macmillan has just published, in honor of getting into their fine new building, a new edition of their valuable booklet, or rather an entirely new book, to follow their earlier notes for authors on usage. This is "The Author's Book": it is a well-made and useful guide.

E. M. M., Canada, and J. M. J., (no address) asks for books on vocational guidance for women.

BESIDES those set down not long ago, "Careers for Women," by Catherine Filene (Houghton Mifflin), and "Women as Professional Workers," Adams (Macmillan), there is a new one, "Vocational Self-Guidance," by Douglas Fryer (Lippincott), that though intended for intelligent young men—the material has been tested in the author's work at New York University and the Y. M. C. A.—has a chapter on "The Business Professions for Women," contributed by Lorine Pruette and treating the opportunities and obligations of women in business life. The feature of this book is the section on "The Business Professions," which is contributed by specialists in the various fields.

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The Mysteries of Ann

by ALICE BROWN

wherein Ann, after an orgy of detective stories, ccurt-rooms, and algebra problems, decides that all murders so far committed have been done by pikers, bunglers, and ignoramuses, and that *she* would show them how a real high-class murder *should* be conducted.

Not that she intended to actually carry out her plans—oh no. Bless her old heart. Hers was merely a desire to show up past poor performances in the murder industry. However, the best of plans go awry and—

But let it suffice that Ann, for all her years, was no white-livered enthusiast. Believe us! She led the sheriff and everybody else a merry chase.

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* * *

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The Phoenix Nest

SCENE—*Another part of the wood*
Enter OBERON

OBE:

NOW the blue dusk is knitted with the lights
Of winking glow-worms, heaven the tiring house
For lustred water-camlets of the moon,
Brave-broidered stars,—now the cold house of cloud
Glitters with points of gold, the collied grove
Breathes eglantine, breathes musk, breathes violets,
Come hither, Quince and Snug! Come, carpenter
And joiner! For our weaver raise a home
Surpassing Theseus' palace!
Enter QUINCE *and* SNUG

Both (*somewhat dubiously*): We are here!
Enter PUCK *behind. He stands unperceived.*

PUCK:

Bully Bottom that would play the lion?
By 'r lakin, what a Pyramus! But I have a device——.

SNUG:

I am slow of study but able with the adze. Is it a wall then?

OBE.:

Aye! Such a wall! Wall upon wall, a girdle
Out-towering Ilium, a circuit cast
Of walls in walls, of pillaring pinnacles
Thrust to the zenith, a maze of enginery
Wreaking more walls and walls upon the earth
Till Tellus quake!

SNUG:

To repeat, I am slow of study. Even a simple city——!

QUIN.:

Nor a city of any kind, I entreat your worships,—no city! No labor of Ercles!

OBE.:

A city 'tis indeed! But help is toward!
He claps his hands. Enter PEASEBLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, *and* MUSTARDSEED, *with other fairies.*

PUCK:

Elves, so dispose. Quince, Snug, set on, set on!

QUIN.:

Well then, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to carve moonlight,—for the specifications call for moonlight. Secondly, that I am a simple carpenter and he a mere joiner.

SNUG:

This is madness. I understood only a simple dwelling in the wildwood. And all this for Nick Bottom?

OBE.:

He is become a type, an archetype;
He is to play the lion till the last;
His edifice must rise. Dispose yourselves!
Hew at the starshine, match your moonbeams now,
Raise all to music!

PUCK:

Let fantastic light
Flicker about your foreheads as ye build!

While QUINCE *and* SNUG *stand baffled, trailing axe and adze, the fairies leap aloft supporting themselves upon the blue air, and with mazy motion begin to fashion an architectural fabric out of nothing. Once the lower courses of apparent stone are laid by* PUCK, QUINCE *and* SNUG *cast aside their tools and enter into the building as hodmen and masons. In the wink of an eye the outline of a modern office building begins to form.*

OBE.:

Featly performed! A fitting temple here
Shoulders the constellations from the sky.
Now make it glitter with a thousand eyes.
Of diamond and topaz, bore it through
With shafts for golden cars that mount and drop
Unceasingly from floor to marble floor,
And set a blazing pharos in its peak!

PUCK:

A prodigy! Dismiss this vista,—so!
He waves his hand, and the depth of the wood fades and changes to a deep canyon of towering buildings, all lit in the darkness by tier on tier of cat's-eye windows.

OBE.:

Behold Nick Bottom's home!

PUCK (*quizzically.*): His heart's delight!
But, Quince—and Snug?

OBE: Perceive!

QUINCE *struts proudly from the high, deep doorway of the nearest building. He wears a resplendent doorman's uniform. He folds his hands comfortably upon a stout paunch and gazes superiorly up and down the street. To him, from the same doorway,* SNUG, *in a crisp and new, though a less gorgeous, uniform.*

QUIN. (*turning haughtily.*):

Back to your cage!
The bells are ringing and the dials whirl,
Yellow and red the lights wink off, wink on,—
The glow-worms of our grove of stone and steel.

SNUG:

Your speech is measured and your manner bold.
Where got'st thou that goose look?

QUIN.: I swell with power.
Long is forsook the work-bench and the plane;
Behold me now! The satraps of the East
Spurning with jewelled heel the heads of slaves
Have nothing got on me—nothing on me!

SNUG: Yea bo, you said it!

QUIN. (*intoning with unction.*):

I am the doorman of the Dimesworth Building!

SNUG (*enormously.*):

And I the Phoebus lackey of the chariots
That course from zenith unto nadir here
In a perpetual plain-song perilous;
I also serve your Ninus whilom styled
Nick Bottom, who with myriad pensioners
Today a monstrous nine men's morris plays
Upon the whirl of fickle Fortune's wheel,—
Leviathan of Trade!

QUIN: Rememberest thou
The wood near Athens?

SNUG.: Is't the insinuation
That we have been bewitched?

QUIN.: 'Tis Bottom's house
Conceived by Oberon——.

SNUG: By Puck,—for spite!

QUIN.:

So be it. Hist, he comes!

Both stand at attention as NICK BOTTOM *enters—not without the ass's head. He is silk-hatted, frock-coated, caned, spatted, and important. He casually acknowledges the salutes of the doorman and the chief of elevators.*

BOT.:

I come hither as a lion. (*Aside*) It were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are, and would in my heart tell them plainly, he is Quince, the carpenter, and, yonder, Snug the joiner. (*Sings*)

The Burroughs keys that click so true
To estimate the bill,
The dictaphones for me and you,
The buzzer-bells that trill;

The rude mechanicals I rule,
My seething self-affairs,
Have crammed the swinking world in school
That I may sell my wares!

Nay, but I will aggravate my voice so; yet will I roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale!

(*Exit*)

Enter Puck and Oberon.

PUCK:

Has set a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes!

OBE: Yet am I his Lord
And ere I take this charm from off his sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make him render up his life to me!

BOT: (*Heard within, singing*)

My bonds and stocks
Have split the rocks
And burst the locks
Of ocean-gates;
My Phibbus car
Careers afar
To make and mar
The foolish Fates!

PUCK:

Ercles played rarely! King of shadows, hark!
So far not blameless proves thine enterprise,
That thou hast 'nointed this Athenian's eyes;
Yet thus far am I glad it so did sort,
Since in this jangling I esteem much sport.

OBE: Another antique fable to report.
That shall amaze Duke Theseus and his court!
Such tricks hath strong imagination.

QUIN: (*whispering*)

O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help!
(*Exeunt Quince and Snug*)

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

SALE OF ARNOLD LIBRARY.

THE library of the late Francis R. Arnold of this city, comprising a wide range of rarities of the eighteenth and nineteenth century, including illustrated books and first editions of distinguished authors, was sold at the American Art Galleries March 30 and 31 and April 1, 1,585 lots bringing $30,850. The highest price, $1,825, was paid for the first issue of the first edition of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," complete in the original parts, London, 1847-48, including all of the advertisements and slips, in fine condition, without repairs or restoration. This is the famous Brayton Ives copy, quite the equal of the well known Corder and Austin copies.

Other important items and the prices realized were the following:

Apperley (C. J.). "Memoirs of the Life of the Late John Mytton, Esq.," colored plates by Henry Alken, 8vo, levant by Reviere, London, 1837. Second edition. $115.

Browning (Elizabeth Barrett). "Prometheus Unbound," 12mo, cloth, London, 1833. First edition suppressed by the author. $82.50.

Combe (William). "The English Dance of Death," 2 vols., and "The Dance of Life," colored plates by Rowlandson, together 3 vols., royal 8vo, half morocco, London, 1815-17. First editions. $105.

Cruikshank (George). "The Humorist," with colored plates by George Cruikshank, 4 vols., 12mo, levant by Zaehnsdorf, London, 1819-20. First issues throughout. $310.

Cruikshank. Grimm (J. and W.). "German Popular Stories," with etched plates by George Cruikshank, 2 vols, 12mo, levant by Worsfield, London, 1824. First issue of first edition. $230.

Cruikshank. Roscoe's Novelist's Library, 17 vols., illustrated with etchings by George Cruikshank, 16mo, cloth, London, 1831-33. First editions. $110.

Cruikshank. "Fairy Library," edited and illustrated with etchings by George Cruikshank, 4 vols., square 12mo, original green wrappers, London, 1853-64. First editions. $330.

Dibdin (Thomas F.). "Works," 8 vols., royal 8vo, morocco by Reviere, London, 1817-38. All first editions. $135.

Dickens (Charles). "Master Humphrey's Clock," with illustrations by Cattermole and Browne, 88 weekly numbers, each in pictorial wrappers, London, 1840-41. First edition in most desirable form. $115.

Dickens. Collected set of the Christmas Books, 5 vols., 12mo, morocco, London, 1843-48. First editions. $190.

Keats (John). "Lamia," etc., 12mo, levant by Zaehnsdorf, London, 1820. First edition. $255.

Kipling (Rudyard). "Schoolboy Lyrics," 16mo, half calf, Lahore, 1881. First edition of the author's first book. $1,000.

Meredith (George). Collected set of works by and relating to George Meredith, 80 vols., various sizes, three-quarters levant, London, Westminster, and New York, 1851-1912. First editions and one of the most complete sets ever offered at public sale. $325.

Shelley (Percy Bysshe). "Laon and Cythna," 8vo, calf by Reviere, London, 1818. Suppressed first edition. $250.

Shelley. "Prometheus Unbound," 8vo, levant by Reviere, London, 1820. First edition and containing both half titles and cancel leaf. $145.

Stevenson (Robert Louis). "The Pentland Rising," 16mo, original wrappers, Edinburgh, 1866. First edition. $275.

Tennyson (Alfred, Lord). "Poems by Two Brothers," 12mo, levant by Reviere, London, 1827. First edition of Lord Tennyson's first book. All three brothers, Alfred, Charles, and Frederick, contributed to it. $142.50.

SALE OF DEPUY COLLECTION

IN 1919-20, when the late Henry F. DePuy gave up his residence in New York, his famous collection of Americana was sold at the Anderson Galleries for $160,265.85. Mr. DePuy retained his Andrew Jackson collection and the books from the libraries of the presidents, to which he constantly added. This collection, consisting of 485 lots, was sold at the Anderson Galleries on March 31 and April 1, bringing $7,544.50. The star lot, as expected, proved to be Batty Langley's "New Principles of Gardening," London, 1728, which brought $860. This book was once in the library of General Washington and had his autograph on the title page. Gabriel Wells was the buyer.

Other lots and the prices realized were the following:

Bibliography. Sabin's "Dictionary of Books relating to America," 20 vols., 8vo, half morocco, New York, 1868-92. $260.

Adams (John). "Thoughts on Government," 16mo, wrappers, Philadelphia, 1776. With inscription by the author. $82.50.

Jefferson (Thomas). "A Manual of Parliamentary Practice," 16mo, calf, Washington, 1801. With author's presentation inscription. $105.

Madison (James). "An Address to the Freemen of the State of South-Carolina," 8vo, half morocco, Philadelphia, 1783. With the autograph of Madison on title page. $40.

Harrison (William Henry). "A Historical Narrative of the Civil and Military Service of Major General William H. Harrison," by Moses Dawson, 8vo, calf, Cincinnati, 1824. With the inscription, "To William L. Stone, Esq., with the respects of W. H. Harrison." $70.

Grant (U. S.). "Report of Lieut. General U. S. Grant of the Armies of the United States, 1864-65," 8vo, original wrappers, Washington, 1865. With presentation inscription by the author. $75.

Wilson (Woodrow). "An Old Master and Other Political Essays," 12mo, cloth, New York, 1893. First edition with inscription by the author. $235.

Jackson (Andrew). A collection of 13 A. L. S. covering about 27 pages, 4to and folio, written to his wife, Rachel, 1804-24. $140.

Jackson. A collection of 7 A. L. S. from Jackson to Samuel Swartwout, comprising about 18 pages, 4to and folio, 1623-25. Containing much inside history of the election of president which was decided by the House of Representatives. $150.

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